

The Saturday Review



No. 2069, Vol. 79.

22 June, 1895.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

CHRONICLE	817	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		The Royal Natural History	836
LEADING ARTICLES:		Maytime in the West Country	825	Two French Novels	836
“The Curse of Cromwell”	819	Nikisch and Siegfried Wagner:		A History of Slavery	837
The Unionist or National Party	820	By J. F. R.	827	Universities and Social Problems	837
The French and Russian		La Princesse Lointaine: By G.B.S.	828	Fiction	838
Alliance	821	Ubiquitous Gold	830	Some Religious Books	839
Lord Acton on Trial	821	Money Matters: New Issues	831	German Literature	840
SPECIAL ARTICLES:		Correspondence:		New Books and Reprints	841
Sir Robert Sandeman.—A Re-		Charles and Mary Lamb: By		LITERARY SUPPLEMENT:	
view and Personal Reminis-		Vernon Blackburn	832	The Semiramis of the North	811
cences: By A Friend	822	Oliver Cromwell: By G. S.	832	Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture	812
Vignettes: By Hubert Crackan-		Dies Dominæ: By A Man of		Sir Edward Hertslet's Map of	
thorpe	823	To-day	832	Africa	813
Dies Dominæ.—(Conclusion.)		REVIEWS:		The Cambridge Natural History	813
The Feminine Potential: By		The Memoirs of Barras	833	Two Classical Publications	814
A Woman of the Day	824	The Carved Stones of Islay	834	Woman and Primitive Culture	815
		Mr. Mallock on Superstition	835	ADVERTISEMENTS: 809-810; 816; 842-848	

[A Literary Supplement is issued with this Number.]

CHRONICLE.

THE announcement that Mr. Gladstone has withdrawn from his pair with Mr. Villiers has certainly not strengthened the Government. It is said, on what seems the best authority, that he only objected to one or two points in the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill, such as the nationalization of the Cathedrals, and that, as Mr. Asquith has met his wishes on this point, he intends to vote for the third reading of the Bill. But no explanation, however specious and trustworthy, can alter the fact that Mr. Gladstone's disapprobation must further increase the unpopularity of the Government. It only remains for the Opposition to turn the occasion to account and to beat the Ministerialists on a division. The Opposition rather resembles a chess-player who, with a winning position, is unable to give checkmate, and so moves irresolutely. A brilliant and decisive ending is no less necessary to a fine game than a good beginning.

When the Government on last Thursday week took the whole time of the House, every one expected strenuous opposition on the part of Mr. Balfour. But Mr. Balfour was as mild as mother's milk, and forthwith the wiseacres asserted that an arrangement had been come to between the leaders of the Government and Opposition. This statement appeared in journal after journal both in London and the country. Yet it was totally without foundation. Mr. Balfour simply played the game; he did not challenge a division when he knew that his opponent's majority would be larger than usual.

Mr. Balfour was undoubtedly right in his calculation, for on such an occasion the Parnellites would have voted with the Government. Sir William Harcourt could, therefore, have reckoned on a majority of some five-and-twenty, which would certainly have inspired his followers. The true explanation of all this is that the Parnellites dare not do anything that will prevent the Irish Land Bill from going through the House. Their constituents look forward to the measure with wolfish greed, and it would go hard with any Irish representative who opposed their desires.

The English Radicals are very cross with the Irish members for opposing the grant to the Cromwell statue. The ordinary Nonconformist admires Cromwell without qualification, and he is making himself heard in every constituency represented by a Radical. The English Radical members, too, feel sore on other grounds; they say that the Irish members are not good trades-unionists, and complain that Mr. Sexton has been working with Mr. Matthews on the Factories Act. It is true that Mr. Sexton helped the late Home Secretary to beat Mr. Asquith on the laundries' clause. This clause, we

hear, will be put back into the Bill, but it will be put back piecemeal, which will entail a loss of three days, and this delay does not make the Government feel kindly towards their Irish allies. We are glad to note that the disintegration of the Separatists is going on apace.

At length General Le Brun has published his long-expected book. It contains an account of his mission to Vienna in 1870. It is wretchedly written, and tells us nothing very new, but it affords authoritative proof where before only conjecture was possible. Every one knew that General Le Brun went to Vienna in 1870, that he talked with the Austrian Emperor and arrived at some understanding with him; but now it appears that he had long conversations on military questions with the Archduke Albert, and that it was definitively settled that France and Austria in combination should invade Germany in the spring of 1871. Every detail of this invasion was settled and agreed upon between the two Emperors. Surely this is the best justification that has yet appeared of Bismarck's policy in taking the bull by the horns and invading France, with or without an excuse, in the early summer of 1870.

The publication of such reminiscences as these will not encourage the Powers to deal confidentially with France. One cannot think without pity of the position in which the Emperor of Austria now finds himself. He had agreed to invade Germany in 1871, although he had been spared by Germany in 1866, and ever since he has been on terms of “dear ally” and “well-beloved brother” with the representative of the nation whose ruin he had secretly plotted and planned. Austria's traitorism to France was scarcely less disgraceful than her treachery to Germany. Of course a denial will have to be manufactured, and it will be interesting to see what Austrian diplomacy can do in the way of fiction.

The Government, we see, has appointed Lord Hampden to the Governorship of New South Wales. This son of the predecessor of Viscount Peel is a stalwart Unionist, and, consequently, we congratulate him upon the recognition that he has received at the hands of his opponents; but we cannot congratulate the Separatist Government. For three months it has refused to fill this vacancy, while the grumbling of the Colonists has grown louder and louder. The Government wanted to appoint Sir Arthur Hayter, but his seat at Walsall was only won by 79, and, consequently, the Government did not dare to appoint its pet. What place, we wonder, is paved with bad intentions?

A good story reaches us from the House of Commons. A distinguished Scotch M.P., who has been somewhat ill, recently met Mr. Samuel Smith, the member for Flintshire and a Liverpool merchant, who has just published a pamphlet on Bimetallism. The Scotch member

began: "I have read your pamphlet with interest." Mr. Smith beamed. "You have certainly converted me to Trimetallism, for all your arguments apply to copper even more strongly than to silver. I am not sure, because I have not thought it out, but in future I think I shall call myself a Panmetallist." Mr. Smith is still in doubt whether to take this as a snub or as a compliment.

Mr. Marshall and his assessors have had a long and difficult task in determining the responsibility for the *Elbe* disaster. Most of us have nearly forgotten all about it, but Justice moves after its own tardy methods. Mr. Marshall, however, is not at fault for the delay. It has been almost impossible to obtain clear evidence, and no Court can come to a satisfactory conclusion without proper witnesses. In the absence of full evidence for the *Elbe*, the conclusion is, shortly, that the mate of the *Crathie* was to blame for not keeping a proper look-out, and that the officer in charge of the *Elbe* was reprehensible in not slackening speed when he saw a collision was impending. The mate of the *Crathie* has been deprived of his commission, and so justice is satisfied, if not the spirits of the three hundred that lie drowned in the German Ocean. On one point alone can we be thankful—that the captain of the *Crathie* is acquitted of the charge of abandoning the sinking vessel. It was all a blunder and a shame, but it was not cowardice or inhumanity; and with that we must be content.

The opening of the Baltic Canal has outwardly been attended with complete success. There were but few hitches in the trial trip, and the German Emperor made a speech in favour of peace, which was well received by the Paris Press. But in spite of this seeming cordiality there is a steady accumulation of evidence with regard to a Franco-Russian alliance, which the most sceptical can scarcely ignore. First of all we have had the testimony of M. Hanotaux's speech in the French Chamber of Deputies; immediately upon this followed a special messenger from the Tsar bringing with him the decoration of St. Andrew; next came the simultaneous entry of the French and Russian vessels into Kiel harbour; and this was succeeded by the refusal of the French Admiral to allow the French sailors to go on shore. If we consider these facts as links in a chain of evidence, the conclusion seems irresistible (as we point out elsewhere) that there is a well-defined understanding between France and Russia, although it may not amount to an offensive and defensive alliance.

London has been besieged during the past week by representatives of women from all parts of the world. The Progressive Woman (not the neurotic pioneer in the ethics of passion known as the New Woman) has been on the war-path, and if the social reforms depended on her energy they would soon be carried out. Delegates have assembled from no less than twenty-one countries. They have brought with them the polyglot petition representing, they say, seven millions of persons in fifty different countries. The talking has been on the same scale. On Sunday last two hundred pulpits in chapels and mission-halls were occupied by female orators. On Monday and Tuesday conferences and meetings were held in the City Temple and in Queen's Hall in connection with the British Women's Temperance Association, under the presidency of Lady Henry Somerset.

On Wednesday and Thursday the Third Biennial Convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held in Queen's Hall, and was opened with an address from Miss F. E. Willard, the president, who at considerable length dwelt on a bewildering variety of subjects. The modest scope of her speech may be judged from a synopsis of its contents. Here are a few inconsiderable items: "The Abolition of Poverty," "The People's Power," "Female Suffrage," "The Modern Temperance Movement," "Prohibition," "Purity," "The Living Pictures," "The Origin of Women's Fashionable Dress," "The Armenian Question," "The Opium Question," "The Language Line and the Colour Line," "Prison Reform," "Round the World Missionaries," "The Polyglot Petition," "Peace," "The Press," "Kindness to Animals," "Outdoor Exercise," &c.

It is a libel to say that the ladies have no sense of humour, yet they might have borrowed a little from Sir Wilfrid Lawson's supposed ample stock on Wednesday night at the meeting at Queen's Hall. Lady Henry Somerset, who was to have presided, was absent, owing to a temporary breakdown from overwork. Mrs. Ormiston Chant, with considerable alacrity, took the chair in her place, and proceeded to explain that "Dear Lady Henry has been overworked," and "we must, of course, be careful not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs." Far be it from us to describe the wise, gifted, and eloquent Lady Henry Somerset as a goose, but undoubtedly the laying of golden eggs is a function as highly appreciated by progressive American women as ever it was by *Æsop's* bumpkin. Lady Henry Somerset is surrounded by a self-devoted band of American ladies who have taken this modern Atalanta in hand and run her, unconscious that she is no longer independent, for all she is worth on every racecourse (we mean platform) in England and in the States.

The discovery of a suicide club in New York is a remarkable example of the truth of fiction. We had always understood that Mr. Louis Stevenson evolved this motive of his "New Arabian Nights" out of his own fantastic imagination. But here is an organization formed strictly upon the main principles of his suicide club, and differing only in details. The real club seems to consist entirely of Germans, and the attention of the public was drawn to it by the number of suicides which have recently occurred. The dice decided the victim each meeting, and he was allowed twelve hours to kill himself and a choice of deaths. In the story, cards determined the victim, and also selected a murderer for him. So far as appears, the decision of the dice was never questioned, which, seeing that both sexes were admitted, is astonishing. The reason given for this very extraordinary society seems hardly adequate. A member, who was interviewed, seemed doubtful if there was any reason, but suggested that the members were all very poor. The New York police intend to prosecute the club, but one wonders upon what charge. Would the offence come under the head of keeping a gambling-house?

Colonel W. F. Prideaux, late English Resident of Kashmir, contributed to yesterday's *Times* a letter on "The Future of Chitral." His long experience in Indian politics only makes the weakness of his arguments in favour of the retention of Chitral the more astonishing. He regards Chitral as strategically "of infinitely more importance than Gilgit," against which opinion we may set that of Lord Chelmsford, who speaks of Gilgit as possessing "every strategical qualification in which Chitral is so deficient"; but the main point on which Colonel Prideaux insists is that the natives of India do not understand a policy of "wobble." "A backward policy in their eyes," he says, "means a policy of fear and apprehension," and is therefore fraught with peril to the security of our position in India. This is precisely the truth. Colonel Prideaux seems to have forgotten our "backward policy" in Afghanistan, which was the inevitable result of an ill-advised "forward policy." If the loyalty of the Afghans and Pathans is at all open to suspicion, it must be chiefly attributed to the desire of "wiping off old scores."

The Newfoundland Budget reveals a state of insolvency more serious than the most uncompromising of the Colony's critics ever imagined. A community which in its most flourishing time does not boast a revenue of two million dollars, has to face a deficit in the last six months alone of nearly half a million dollars, and has added to its debt, by the loan just raised, a sum equal to nearly twice the amount of its generously estimated revenue for the coming year. What the condition of the Newfoundlanders would have been had a representative of the Imperial Government not been despatched to distribute relief and assist the fishermen, it is painful to think. The mother country's reward is undiluted abuse for refusing to guarantee a loan which would enable the colony to avoid the bankruptcy to which she must come, unless some great change is made in her methods of administration.

To "swop" horses while crossing a stream is proverbially dangerous, but not to be compared in risk to the changing of leaders during a struggle. And yet this last manoeuvre is the one in which the Separatists are now engaged. They have tried Home Rule and the Abolition of the House of Lords in vain; now they seem to have come round to Sir W. V. Harcourt's conviction that Local Veto is the cock-fight. Accordingly Mr. Morley and Mr. Labouchere are thrown over, and the rank and file press behind Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

In the House of Commons Sir Wilfrid Lawson is regarded as a buffoon, but in the country he is often mistaken for a wit. He is a harmless old gentleman of about sixty, with a contempt for grammar when he writes, logic when he speaks, reason when he thinks. Were Sir Wilfrid in the French Chamber he would meet with little consideration from his fellow members and even less respect at the hands of the reporters; but the Englishman loves every manifestation of individual liberty, and has accordingly an incredible weakness for the faddist, provided his sincerity is beyond doubt. The blinkered enthusiast that can provoke laughter is in England sure of success; hence the popularity of Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

The Duke of Devonshire suggested, in his speech last Friday week at the Conservative banquet, that the name of the next Government should be the Unionist Government, so as to abolish the narrower party designation. A correspondent writes to us on this point: "The Conservatives and Liberal Unionist parties would do well to pause before assuming the name suggested: in the minds of country folk the term Unionist is only associated with workhouse officials. Some such title as the National Party would, I think, for this reason, be infinitely preferable."

M. Brunetière has been making a sort of lecturing tour. M. Brunetière is not only the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which one might characterize as a sort of side-door leading into the Academy, but is also a thinker and essayist of almost the first rank. He holds original views on almost every subject, and he holds them passionately. There are curious contradictions and anomalies in him which make him interesting. Intellectually he is a modern of the moderns, and yet he regrets all the neologisms, all the words from the workshop and the studio, the streets and the fields, which have passed into the French language during the last century, and which have made it one of the finest languages in the world, at least so far as its prose is concerned. But M. Brunetière will not allow that Hugo and Gautier, Baudelaire and De Goncourt, have added anything of value to the tongue of Pascal and Bossuet.

Accordingly M. Brunetière attempts to express modern speculation, tinged as it must necessarily be with science, in the language of the seventeenth century. His style seems to us to suffer from this purism. It is cramped and wooden, and lacks that artistic suppleness which is the characteristic of the best French prose. But as a thinker, as we have said, M. Brunetière is in the front rank. The other day he wrote an article proclaiming the bankruptcy of science, meaning thereby that science seemed to be incapable of taking the place of the creed of the past, and forthwith the word was caught up in a hundred newspapers in a dozen different countries. Now M. Brunetière is thundering against what he calls "the profound immorality of the theory of art for art's sake." But neither M. Brunetière nor anybody else sees any immorality in the theory of science for the sake of science, or in the speculations of those gifted mathematicians who can occupy themselves with problems in space of four dimensions or of one dimension at will. Gifted men who love their work always put it high, perhaps too high, but without this intense love of the work itself they would probably never do great things; and to talk of immorality in connection with such devotion is paradoxical. M. Brunetière would make art the handmaid of morality; but he would scoff at the idea of making science ancillary to industry. These anomalies are of the texture of his mind.

"THE CURSE OF CROMWELL."

WHEN Lord Rosebery, at the Academy dinner, announced that the Government was about to erect a statue to Cromwell, we contented ourselves with making fun of the proposal. There was no sculptor living in England, we remarked, who could do a monumental piece of work. It never entered into our heads that the last hours of a moribund Parliament would be frittered away on this senseless scheme. To talk of a national monument to Cromwell is an insult to the intelligence. He is hated by one set of people as a regicide, and loved by another set for the way he upheld the national honour and dignity; he is condemned by these as a rebel to constituted authority and as the overthrower of the established order of things, and loathed by those for a Puritanism so extreme that it suggests hypocrisy. Even now, two and a half centuries after his death, Cromwell's actions in England divide Englishmen into two camps. We can call him, with Milton, "our chief of men," and thank him, if we will, for putting an end to a foolish Talking-shop, or we can praise him on higher grounds, and say that he showed genius in putting Blake at the head of the fleet, where the colonel of cavalry did such service to England as no other man has ever done save Nelson. It is certain that under Cromwell the name of England on the Continent stood higher than it had stood even after the defeat of the Armada. Cromwell, too, conducted the civil war in England with as much humanity as was possible, and he cannot be held responsible for that defacement of churches and for the insane hatred of the arts shown by his fanatic followers. Two instances will be enough to prove that he was superior to his surroundings. The "Beautiful Altar" at the foot of Henry VII.'s tomb in the Chapel at Westminster was smashed up by "the order of the House of Commons," and the same authority was responsible for the destruction of the marvellous tomb of Henry VIII. at Windsor, a masterpiece of Benedetto da Rovezzano. In the sale of the King's goods, on the other hand, the Cartoons of Raphael and the "Triumphs of Cæsar" by Mantegna were reserved "for His Highness's use." We not only owe these noble works of art to Cromwell, but many other treasures, such as the books and medals in the Library of St. James's Palace, which were preserved from pillage by his express orders. It can hardly be denied that in England the Lord Protector proved himself better than his time, and that he may be held with reason to have rendered great and distinguished services to his country.

There are, however, a great many Englishmen who believe that even in this sphere of action his merits have been overrated. He was not only a rebel and a regicide, they say, but the whole rebellion of which he was the leader passed away and left no trace. The Puritanism, too, of which he was the champion, whilst doing incalculable harm, led to nothing but the libertinism of the succeeding reign. And this would seem to be the judgment of the wisest. Matthew Arnold talks about the prison of Puritanism from which England has just escaped, much as Goethe wished that Luther had never been born. The attempt of Puritanism to raise the moral standard in a particular direction was obtained at a frightful cost. The Puritan sacrificed the humanities and the arts to a conception of life that was at once false and degrading. It would be impossible, we think, for any one capable of calculating the orbit of the best opinion to propose to erect a national monument to the leader and representative of such a movement.

As soon, however, as the proposal to honour Cromwell was taken up by Government and made a Government measure, we tried to regard it from their point of view. It was no doubt Lord Rosebery's opinion, and the opinion of the Government generally, that the erecting of a statue to Cromwell would be a popular proposal, and would strengthen their party. It is inconceivable how they should have been so ignorant; but the fact is there and cannot be denied. Even Mr. John Morley declared in the House that he had no idea that the Irish still hated the memory of Cromwell. This ignorance seemed to Mr. Birrell incredible or affected, for he said: "No educated man could be ignorant of that." We must, however, take it that Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Morley,

and Mr. Asquith, and Sir W. Harcourt were ignorant of this, perhaps the most characteristic landmark of Irish feeling. Mr. Morley no doubt knows that in the country districts in France the peasant women still frighten their children by threatening to take them to the Château; but he does not know that the peasant women in the country he is supposed to govern, still frighten their children to submission with "The curse of Cromwell on ye." Well, Mr. Morley has been enlightened by the passionate speeches of the Irish members, and by the laughter and jeers which greeted him when he withdrew what we venture to believe was a preposterous proposal. The matter might have been allowed to rest here as an object lesson in the fatuous ignorance of which politicians are capable, were it not for the fact that the *Daily Chronicle* has since announced that the £3000 needed to erect a statue has already been subscribed, and proposes that the statue should be erected in Parliament Square.

Of course private individuals may subscribe their money and erect a statue to whomsoever they please, and whether Oliver or Richard Cromwell be their hero matters little to anybody but themselves; but in the name of good government we object to the proposal to erect a statue to Oliver Cromwell in Parliament Square. Oliver Cromwell is detested in Ireland by three out of four Irishmen, and there is a deeper truth in traditional hatred than in any passion of the day. His cruelty left an ineffaceable impression on the Celtic imagination. It was not the generation that suffered at his hands that used his name as a curse. The old people who remembered Drogheda and Wexford talked of the massacres to their children; for it was the children, when they grew up, that gave the horror a name and made of the guilt an imprecation. The ablest and best of all the historians of this period agrees with us or, rather, is mainly responsible for our opinion. Mr. Gardiner sums up Cromwell's career in Ireland with the declaration: "That his policy served to inflame and not to extinguish the distractions of Ireland was the true curse of Cromwell." Nor does Mr. Gardiner forget to point out that even from a military point of view Cromwell's cruelty in Ireland was unsuccessful. It did not spread terror, as he imagined it would, but hate; and if the Ironsides were beaten for the first time at Clonmel, the desperate resistance of the Irishmen must be ascribed to the fact that they placed no trust in the English honour or the English word. Had not their comrades who were admitted to quarter in Drogheda been murdered in cold blood twenty-four hours after all resistance had ceased? Unless the Government wish to be beaten on a division they will not grant a site in Parliament Square for a statue to this man, great though he was. As we write, we cannot help thinking of that scene on 11 September, 1694, on the hill in Drogheda that lies on the northern side of the Boyne. In and round St. Peter's Church that crowned the top of the incline a thousand men were lying dead, who had been slain long after quarter was granted. When Cromwell came up he found that about eighty poor wretches had taken refuge in the steeple. This is how Mr. Gardiner goes on: "After a fruitless attempt to blow up the tower with gunpowder, Cromwell gave orders to drag the seats of the church beneath it and to set them on fire. As the flames gained the structure above, the unhappy victims attempted to escape to the roof. Some fifty of them were there killed by the soldiers, whilst the remaining thirty perished in the burning steeple. The authors of this cruel deed comforted themselves by recording the imprecations of the tortured wretches, as if no fate could be too horrible for men who died with profane oaths on their lips." In no public place in the United Kingdom should Cromwell have a statue; it might serve to remind us of that blazing steeple of St. Peter's, Drogheda.

THE UNIONIST OR NATIONAL PARTY.

THE chief political event of last week was not the Inverness Election, significant as that was, but the speech made by the Duke of Devonshire when he and Mr. Chamberlain were guests at the annual banquet of the National Union of Conservative Associations. Although Mr. Chamberlain spoke, and spoke excellently, as he always speaks, still he never rose to the height of the argument, while it is not too much to say that the Duke

of Devonshire on this occasion spoke better than he has ever spoken in his life. As a rule, when the Duke of Devonshire speaks, he does less than justice to his judgment, impartiality, and powers of mind. His character is too stubborn. He seems unable to let himself go. His manner is almost antipathetic and hesitating, his speech slow, inexact, and unhappy. It is as if he were pouring out ill-made stirabout and not the wine of words; but he has deep convictions and a perfect sincerity, and when a great occasion warms his blood, he will astonish you by becoming articulate and by saying what it was necessary should be said, and yet what others are rather afraid to say.

At the very outset of his speech he accepted the responsibility for the attitude of the Unionist Party in the past. He acknowledged that the Liberal Unionists had been asked by the Conservative leaders to share their honours and their responsibilities from 1886 to 1892. "As the result of deliberate considerations, we arrived at the conclusion that it was in the best interests of the Unionist party that we should decline those offers so generously made. But the fact remains that, during the period to which I refer, most of the toil and all the responsibility for conducting the affairs of this great Empire rested upon the shoulders of your leaders, while we were permitted to no inconsiderable extent to shape and guide the policy which was pursued." There were great difficulties, the Duke acknowledged, in such an alliance, and the time had come to see whether these difficulties could not be overcome. Speaking of the Allied Parties, he drew attention to "the enormous change which has taken place in the character and policy of the Conservative Party—a change which I do not in the least attribute to its association with the Liberal Unionists—a change which is due purely to the influence exercised upon it by some of its younger members, by men like the late Lord Randolph Churchill, and still more by men like Mr. Arthur Balfour. The change is due to a great extent to the closer contact which your members now enjoy with your people and with the democracy." He admitted, however, that in spite of this advance the Conservative Party must necessarily include all those who "from the force of old associations, of timidity, of prudence, or of selfish motives, are adverse to change of any kind, and unwilling to acknowledge the existence of the new forces with which we have to deal." After thus connecting the progressive Conservatives with the old Tories, the Duke went on to speak of those members of the Liberal Unionist Party who were just as cautious as Conservatives, and who yet worked with others of the party who were "advocates of the most drastic experiments in political or social reform." He seemed to take pleasure in setting one wing of the Allied Parties as far away from the other wing as possible, "so long as the integrity of the Imperial Government and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament are maintained." And, as we shall see, the Duke had good reason to insist, not only upon the bond of belief which keeps the united forces together but also upon the wide differences of opinion on minor points which separate "the extreme wing of your party from the extreme wing of ours."

As regards the bond of union, the leader of the Liberal Unionists advocated "Fusion rather than Alliance." He referred with cordial sympathy to the speech of Mr. Balfour at the gathering of the Primrose League, and went on to declare that he agreed with Mr. Balfour: "When a new Government is formed the responsibilities and duties of power will have to be shared between the two sections of the Unionist Party." He appealed to that party which "includes within its ranks every shade of political opinion" to call itself the Unionist Party, for the next Government ought to be a Unionist Government. "I am convinced," he added, in words which will not soon be forgotten, "that the more we can all be content to merge our Conservatism, our Liberalism, and our Radicalism in what seems to me to be the still nobler title of 'Unionism,' the more strength we shall be able to bring to each other and our common cause."

It is to be hoped that after these words of the Duke of Devonshire, corroborating as they do the appeal made by Mr. Balfour, the United Party will drop special names and take that title of "Unionist" which

emphasizes so perfectly the centralizing tendencies of our time. The bonds between Englishmen all over the world are drawing more closely together; the painter that unites the mother country to the colonies has not been cut, as Mr. Gladstone and other Liberals fondly hoped it would be. Modern methods of communication having diminished distance, the painter now lies in coils upon the water. The work of our time is to shorten it and to strengthen it. England will not, as Mr. Gladstone predicted, drop to the level of another Holland, but is in process of becoming the heart of a new body politic—the confederation of England and her colonies. That will be, perhaps, the greatest world-Empire of the future, and it is to the Unionist Party that we look to begin the work of consolidation. But whilst thus insisting upon the strength of the bond which holds to common action men like Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Courtney, the Duke of Devonshire was right in drawing attention to the truth that it was well that there should be the widest differences of opinion between the two wings of the Unionist Party. He sees clearly enough that as the Gladstonian Party has emphasized its separatist and levelling tendencies, it has lost its hold upon the affections of the English people. And just because we regard those separatist and levelling tendencies with intense aversion, we are minded to admit into the Unionist fold, as the Duke of Devonshire says, “both the ultra-Tory and the advanced Radical,” for till the Gladstonian Party has “purged itself of its evil tendencies, it is the duty of the Unionist party to assume the functions and fulfil the duties of the National Party.” We want the widest charity within our ranks combined with the resolute insistence upon Unionism with all its consequences, and this the Duke regards as the ideal, for he declared that the Unionist Party ought to endeavour to “earn and deserve” the title of the National Party. Mr. Chamberlain did not overpraise this speech when he called it “the most powerful, the most courageous, and the wisest exposition of the principles of the Unionist alliance, of its policy, and of its results, which we have ever heard.” It is evident, we think, that the Duke of Devonshire has vastly improved his position in the country by this statesmanlike speech.

THE FRENCH AND RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

A WEEK ago M. Hanotaux and M. Ribot spoke in the French Chamber for the first time of an alliance between France and Russia. We know now that on the very day after the delivery of these speeches a special envoy started from St. Petersburg to confer on the President of the French Republic the Order of St. Andrew, which is esteemed in Russia as the most honourable of distinctions, even as the Order of the Garter is esteemed in England. But as if this proof of an alliance was not sufficient, the French and Russian fleets recently entered the harbour at Kiel in company. The French officers, too, declined to accept the invitations of the German officers, and the Russians significantly followed suit. Under these circumstances we may take it as a fact that an alliance has been formed between France and Russia. The conditions of this alliance are wrapt in mystery. We cannot, however, believe, with some French prints, that it is a definite offensive and defensive alliance. It seems to us probable that the resistless amiability and enthusiasm of the great French people has at last met with an acknowledgment. No doubt the Tsar has promised to help the French to resist an unprovoked aggression. There can be little doubt that he has signified his intention of supporting diplomatically the French claims in Egypt, on condition that the French will, when the time comes, support the Russian advance to Constantinople. As against Germany and England, we cannot believe that this alliance is what is formally known as an offensive and defensive alliance. The Tsar assuredly will not embark in a war with Germany in order that France may win back Alsace and Lorraine; and even if France were willing to engage in a war with England in order to turn us out of Egypt, we feel pretty sure that once again the Tsar would counsel more moderate methods.

Nevertheless, this alliance has somewhat changed the conditions of our foreign policy. It would be foolish

and foolhardy to ignore the fact that it has strengthened France and Russia very considerably. Had we made friends with Russia a few years ago, we think it probable that Russia would have preferred an alliance with the English Monarchy to an alliance with the French Democracy; but now the die is cast our statesmen must consider the new situation without regretting what might have been. One thing seems to us certain, that there is nothing to be expected from Germany, and that it would be foolish to enter into closer relations with her. It would be far better again to strengthen our fleet, or to abandon Egypt without more ado, than to throw ourselves into the arms of that Power which is our greatest commercial rival. We do not forget that only a few years ago Germany, in spite of our remonstrances, seized portions of New Guinea to which she had no shadow of title or claim, and from which, in due process of time, she will be summarily ejected by men of our race. Besides, even when we enjoyed an understanding with her so cordial that it was spoken of as an alliance, she did not hesitate to oppose and thwart us in every possible way in East Africa. Mr. Gladstone may exchange toasts with the Burgomaster of Hamburg to his heart's content, but commercial rivalry and rivalry in regard to colonies should prevent us from entering into an understanding with Germany. Our alliance made the Triple Alliance invincible, but Germany chose to sell it for a mess of colonial pottage, and in future we shall keep our freedom.

The price of French friendship is that we should abandon Egypt. It is for our statesmen to say whether or not this is the course to be followed. With Russia we maintain that we have no reasonable cause of quarrel. Why should we fight to prevent Russia coming to Constantinople and the sea, and so offering a vulnerable point of attack? There are already four great Powers in the Mediterranean; why should there not be five? It is, we know, still asserted that Russia at Constantinople would mean Russia on the flank of our road to India. But that is nonsense. Our road to India in time of war cannot lie, as the late Admirals Hornby and Tryon knew, through the Suez Canal, which could be blocked in an hour by any ship, but round the Cape of Good Hope. Our interest in the Mediterranean is merely a commercial interest, and just as it has not grown through our seizure of Egypt, so it is not likely to diminish even if the Russians took the place of the Turk on the heights that command the Golden Horn. Nor is Russia likely to be a dangerous rival to us in the Far East—at any rate for some time to come. The *Daily Chronicle* indeed urges that as she will probably obtain a piece of Manchuria, it would be well for us to secure a port on the coast of Northern China. But we can see no reason for such panic haste. Russia has given no provocation as yet. But although our causes of quarrel both with France and Russia may easily be exaggerated, still we think that our fleet should be strengthened without further delay. Even now our Mediterranean Squadron would stand a poor chance against the French Mediterranean fleet—to say nothing of the French Mediterranean fleet reinforced by the Russian; and before our Channel Squadron could join the Mediterranean Squadron the French Fleet from Brest would have reinforced that from Toulon. We might even now see ourselves beaten in detail by the French alone. That is a possibility which we dare not face. We must insure heavily, for in the case even of a successful war with France we should probably lose six or seven hundred millions of money. Would France be able to pay us such an indemnity?

LORD ACTON ON TRIAL.

THE appointment of Lord Acton to the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge, vacated by the death of Sir John Seeley, was a not unpleasant surprise; the fact that he was a Liberal Catholic, who had knocked in vain at the doors of some of the Cambridge Colleges not far short of half a century ago, made the appointment interesting; while the fact that he had sat at the feet of such masters as Ranke and Döllinger gave ground for the hope that something out of the common might be expected from his professorship. Lord Acton was known to have a reputation for learning and research, in France as well as in Germany; but the absence of any

sufficient historical work by which to judge the qualifications of the new Professor of Modern History gave to his inaugural lecture unusual significance and importance.

Attributing to the over-condensation of the *Times* report the obscurity of a great deal of the lecture, we took steps to secure a full and authentic copy, and this copy, containing the actual text of Lord Acton's first utterances as Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, lies before us. The first impression one receives from the lecture is that the frequent obscurity is due to confused thinking; but on reading it over a second time one perceives that much of this apparent incoherence and inconsequence proceeds from a difficulty of expression, partly due to a lax grasp on the immense mass of materials with which he endeavours to deal, and partly due to the laboured and pretentious style in which he has chosen to muffle his criticisms. Lord Acton's style reminds us of a bad translation of the most grandiose periods of Emilio Castelar the great Spanish orator, though the sonorous phrases, the splendid diction, the white-hot enthusiasm are altogether wanting. "The law of stability was overcome by the power of ideas, constantly varied and rapidly renewed; ideas that give life and motion, that take wing and traverse seas and frontiers, making it futile to pursue the consecutive order of events in the seclusion of a separate nationality." The little grain of thought is swept away and lost in the overpowering deluge of verbiage. The following, again, is not very much clearer. "Beginning with the strongest religious movement and the most refined despotism ever known, it has led to the superiority of politics over divinity in the life of nations, and terminates in the equal right of every man to be unhindered by man in the fulfilment of duty to God—a doctrine laden with storm and havoc, which is the essence of the rights of man, and the indestructible soul of revolution." Nor would we commend such a passage as this for lucidity of expression: "Without inquiring how far Sarasa or Butler, Kant or Vinet, is right as to the infallible voice of God in man, we may easily agree in this, that where absolutism reigned, by irresistible arms, concentrated possessions, inhuman laws, and auxiliary churches, it reigns no more; that capital having risen against land, labour against wealth, the State against the forces dominant in society, the division of power against the State, the thought of individuals against the practice of ages, neither authorities nor minorities nor majorities can command implicit obedience; and where there has been long and arduous experience, a rampart of tried conviction and accumulated knowledge, where there is a fair level of general morality, education, courage, and self-restraint, there only a society may be found that exhibits the condition of life towards which by elimination of failures the world has been moving through the allotted span." What the clauses which we have put in italics mean we leave to our readers to discover.

Often the minor fault of obscurity cannot be made to bear the blame, for instance in the following monstrous statement: "The strongest and most impressive personalities, it is true, like Macaulay, Thiers, and the two greatest of living writers, Mommsen and Treitschke, project their own broad shadow upon their pages." What must be the confusion of the mind that couples such names together, and gives praise to a Treitschke that is excessive even for a Mommsen!

Lord Acton describes as modern history that which begins four hundred years ago, which he thinks is marked off by an evident and intelligible line from the time immediately preceding. "In those days," he says, "Columbus subverted the notions of the world and reversed the conditions of production, wealth, and power," and with Columbus he joins Machiavelli, Erasmus, Luther, Copernicus, in that forward movement which divides the sixteenth century broadly from the older world. And here he is responsible for a most astounding assertion, that the ancient reign of continuity was sapped by a law of innovation; that the modern age founded a new order of things. This amounts to making modern history a consequence of which there is no natural cause, a child who has had neither father nor mother. In his praise of the study of modern history Lord Acton goes so far as to say that "it is a most powerful ingredient in the formation of character and the training of talent, and our historical judgments

have as much to do with hopes of heaven as public or private conduct"; an overstatement, we think, and withal sufficiently ill expressed. Lord Acton's views, if often inadequately clothed in words, are decided enough. He thoroughly believes in freedom and progress. "This constancy of progress, of progress in the direction of assured freedom, is the characteristic fact of modern history and its tribute to the theory of Providence." A Catholic but a Liberal, he does not hesitate to set himself here not only against Carlyle, Newman, and Froude, but also against Ranke himself. He holds that the wisdom of divine rule appears not in the perfection but in the improvement of the world, and that achieved liberty is the one ethical result that rests on the converging and combined conditions of advancing civilization. Lord Acton, as will have been already observed, has the defects of his qualities. His enthusiasm tends to hurry him into rash exaggerations, which are unpardonable in the historian, who ought, Lord Acton himself urges, to be impersonal and impartial. Writing of Ranke he says: "Two years later he began a Universal History which, . . . carried in seventeen volumes to the fifteenth century brings to a close the most astonishing career in literature." This eulogy might be applied perhaps to Shakespeare, but is certainly ridiculously beyond the truth when applied to the German historian.

Lord Acton's idea of a lecture on modern history appears to be that it should be sufficiently difficult to supply mental gymnastics to the most nimble mind; but we fear that the most persistent mental gymnast will often be unrewarded by reaching the meaning which this inarticulate teacher has cunningly concealed. Whatever his reputation for erudition, it is certain that Lord Acton has never learned to write English; and surely one of the indispensable qualifications for the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge is that its occupant should be intelligible. That the well digested knowledge and unfailing lucidity of Seeley, or even the brilliant historic imagination and splendid prose of his predecessor Kingsley, should be succeeded by these pretentious and confused fancies and the Batavian splutterings of Lord Acton's awkward pen is not to be endured, and unless in his succeeding lectures the new Professor can find some means to give lucid expression to his reputed learning and thus to justify his appointment, we sincerely hope he will resign a post which, were we to judge merely from his inaugural lecture, he would seem in no way qualified to fill.

SIR ROBERT SANDEMAN.*

A REVIEW AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

THE appearance of Mr. Thornton's life of Colonel Sir Robert Sandeman, who for thirty-six years served his country on the Punjab frontier and in Baluchistan, reminds me of the familiar saying, how little England knows of her greatest men. The British public knows well enough the names and careers of its domestic politicians, the platform orators, and vote-collectors, who manage the two big political parties in London. But of the soldier-statesmen, who spend their lives freely, in exile and under a tropical sun, for the rule and defence of their Indian Empire, the English people know little or nothing. The names of these heroes appear from time to time in the lists of birthday honours, and excite the curiosity of the clubs: as a rule they die unnoticed, only appreciated by those who have worked under them, and by the Anglo-Indian official class. Sir Robert Sandeman was one of the greatest soldier-statesmen whom this century has produced; for he inaugurated an entirely new policy on our North-West Frontier, and carried it to a triumphant issue in the teeth of bitter opposition from "the old gang" of Indian officials. The British Empire, easily protected on most sides by the mere expenditure of money on the fleet and coaling stations, is vulnerable by land in two parts of the world, the Southern Canadian frontier, and the North-West Indian frontier. It is therefore of capital importance that our policy on the frontiers of Afghanistan and Baluchistan should be the right one. When Sandeman arrived in 1859 as District Officer of Dera Ghazi Khan on the Punjab frontier, he found John Lawrence's "close-

* "Colonel Sir Robert Sandeman: his Life and Work on the Indian Frontier." By T. H. Thornton, C.S.I., D.C.L. London: John Murray. 1895.

border" system in full swing, a system which may be summed up in the well-known order, "District officers were never (without special sanction) to risk their lives beyond their border, or to dream of its extension beyond present limits." Sandeman soon showed that he was a born ruler of men, and he ultimately revolutionized our frontier policy. His first step was characteristic. "Oblivious of standing orders," his biographer tells us, "he boldly crossed the border and made a tour for twenty days in the interior of the hills without military protection of any kind, escorted by tribal chiefs, under whose guidance he paid friendly visits to the headquarters of all the principal clans." For the close-border system Sandeman succeeded in substituting the system of tribal service; in other words, he made friends with the trans-frontier chiefs, and used them for the service of the Indian Government. The Sandeman system takes from the people a sixth of their produce in return for peace and protection, and government by their own tribal customs. The judgments of chiefs are enforced, and they are occasionally given money to support horsemen and footmen, that they may secure respect. This wise policy won for Sandeman the love and attachment of the Baluch chiefs, and even of the southern Afghans. He raised local levies for the British service in Baluchistan, who guard roads, lines of communication and traffic, protect posts, discover criminals, carry out *jirgah* decrees, carry letters, produce supplies, and assist in the collection of revenue. It is melancholy to think that this brilliant political soldier was for years thwarted by the jealousy of his official superiors, and snubbed by the tape-bound statesmanship of Simla; though it is some consolation to reflect that Lord Mayo, Sir James Stephen, and Lord Lytton were those who supported him, while Lord Northbrook and Sir Arthur Hobhouse were those who opposed him. The first difficulty which young Sandeman encountered was the civil war between the Khan of Khelat and his Sirdars. Sandeman was shrewd enough to see that there were two sides to the quarrel, and that the Sirdars had a good deal to say for themselves. He offered to settle the matter by friendly mediation. But Sir William Merewether, Commissioner of Sind, was jealous of Sandeman, refused his services, made an award of his own which satisfied nobody, accused Sandeman of fomenting the quarrel, and finally talked of thrashing the Khan. With the patience of a great man, Sandeman bided his time for six years, when Merewether was finally suspended, the dispute settled, and a treaty signed between the Khan and the Viceroy. The way in which Sandeman managed the Khan is characteristic of his whole method, and is thus related by Mr. Thornton: "One day the Khan, dwelling upon the difficulties of managing his confederate chiefs, observed that the best way of dealing with Brahûis was that prescribed in a well-known rhyming proverb, '*Pahle sotl, picche roth*, first the rod, then food, or punch their heads before you pamper them.'" Sandeman immediately answered that there was another and a better rhyming proverb, "*Pahle bit, picche lât*, first a word, then stick, or reason before you strike." The Khan promised in future to be guided by the latter proverb, and became Sandeman's life-long friend, a fact which was most important to us in the Afghan war, for the Khan stuck to us, and was very useful in the time of danger. Sandeman had boundless influence with the tribes, because they had found by experience that his word was as good as his bond, and because he talked to them like a friend. "To be successful on this frontier," he wrote in 1891, "a man has to deal with the hearts and minds of the people, and not only with their fears." Sandeman ultimately became Governor-General's agent in Baluchistan, and Commissioner of British Baluchistan, with a residence at Quetta, and the veteran frontier statesmen has left one or two maxims on record, which should be written in letters of gold. "Do as you would be done by is as good a rule of conduct in dealing with frontier tribes as with Christians," and "It is unfair to expect tribes or tribal chiefs to do your work and carry out your policy unless you make it worth their while; but when you have made it worth their while—when you have given them the *quid*, be careful to extract the *quo*," must suffice as samples. The following reminiscences, which I have received from Sir Charles Dilke, is most interesting:

"Although formerly a cavalry soldier, Sandeman dressed like Bismarck, in a black wide-awake, with a very light tie, long black coat, and black trousers, shoes and white socks. He looked on horse-back like a Methodist minister, with socks that after a long dusty march were not altogether free from streaks. He attended durbars in the same costume, but with so great a personal dignity, very like that of Bismarck, that he appeared magnificent in the midst of the chiefs dressed in Delhi *Keikob* (i.e. cloths of gold and silver). He would listen with great gravity to the interpreter translating from the strangest tongues the most impassioned speeches made by the swarthy, gipsy-looking men of Baluchistan and the Persian frontier, and at the end would either solemnly nod or reply: 'Tell him it is "puffikly rediclus";' the nod or the short phrase being expanded with flowery language by the interpreter. His great charm for the chiefs was, as one of his assistants told me, due to his knowing all about their grandmothers, or, in other words, being able to trace their hereditary descents, and talk with them about their relations. They used also to gossip playfully about incidents in which they had not agreed. I once heard a chief chaffing him when out of durbar, and on asking what he had said, Sandeman's eyes twinkled. The chief, it seems, was telling him what a joke he had with us on the line of communications after Maiwand one day when he half surprised us at breakfast, and how quick we were in hunting him up and driving him into a cave where we shelled him and killed some of his best friends. The Kipling view of war is, of course, that which prevails on this frontier.

"The only time—except when I was staying with him at Quetta, and travelling as his guest along the Pishin frontier and the Loralai military road—at which I saw much of him was in 1882, when I sided with him as to the retention of Pishin, and had frequent talks with him on his visits to this country. I had a good many letters from him afterwards to thank me for what I had been able to do. He was prudent in counsel, and although on that occasion in accord with the advanced school, by no means what could be called a Jingo, and very far from warlike. He had a profound dislike for the Punjab Government, but I do not think that it ever coloured his acts. He was a fair-minded man, intensely Scotch, although I suppose he had never lived in Scotland. He was a fine type of the strong Scotchman who has had so much to do with making the British Empire what it is. He is remembered with the most affectionate regard by all who were his friends."

A FRIEND.

VIGNETTES.

RÉVERIE.

Tout paysage est un état d'âme.

THE English Midlands, sluggishly affluent, a massy profusion of well-upholstered undulations; Normandy, coquettish, almost dapper, in its discreet rusticity, its finnikin spruceness, its distinguished reticence of detail; the plains of Lombardy in midsummer, all glutted with luscious vegetation; Naples, flaunting her blatant, Southern splendour; Switzerland, tricked out in cheap sentimentality, in a catchpenny crudity of tone; Andalusia, savagely harsh, with its bitter, exasperated colouring. . . .

In every country there lurks a personality, and the contemplation of the memories of the lands where one has lived, of the books one has cherished, of the women one has loved, brings with it a strange sense of the incomprehensible promptings of caprice.

With the fluctuations of mood, Musset seems puerile or passionate; Amiel, lachrymose or exquisitely sensitive; Baudelaire, macabre or impassively statuesque; Browning, turgid or ruggedly splendid; Pater, tortuous or infinitely dexterous; Meredith, irksome or gorgeously prismatic.

In love, a naïve philosopher once declared, "Il n'y a que les commencements qui sont charmants." There are women whom we worshipped years ago, who would certainly fail to move us to-day; books that enthralled us in our childhood, which we hesitate to open again; places we had read of with delight, and for that reason shrink from surveying. . . .

And so to-night, beneath the lime-tree, by the dog-rose hedge, whilst the grasshoppers scrape their ceaseless

chorus, and the flies roam like specks of gold, and the fawn-coloured cattle stalk home from the pastures, I wonder dreamily how I have come to love so steadfastly the whole wayward grace of this countryside—the melancholy of its wide plains, burnt to dun colour by the Southern sun; the desolate silence of those dark, endless pine forests that lie beyond; the hesitating contours of wooded slopes; the distant Pyrenees, a long, ragged, snow-capped wall; the dazzling-white roads, stretching between their tall, slim poplars, straight towards the horizon; the tumbled-down, white-faced villages, huddled on the hilltops; their battered, sloping roofs, tilted all awry, like loose-fitting, peaked caps of faded-red tiles; the farmyards, strewn with dingy ox-bedding, and littered with a decrepit multitude of objects, which, it seems, can never have been new—broken earthenware pots, rickety, rush-bottomed chairs, stacks of dead branches, still rustling their brown, winter leaves; the slow-paced oxen ploughing the land; the peasants, men, women, and children, swaying in line as they sow the maize, with the poultry pecking behind; the jangling bells of the dilapidated, yellow-wheeled courier; the market-days, the sea of blue *bérets*, the press of blue blouses, the incoherent waving of ox-goats, the bristling of curved horns, the shifting mass of sleek, fawn-coloured backs; the narrow, ramshackle streets of the town; the line of plane-trees on the *place d'armes*, beneath which groups of grave *bourgeois* are for ever pacing; and the Gave, spurting over the rocks, under the old Norman bridge. . . .

The sun slips behind a bank of inky cloud, slowly trailing its pale-green stain, and the old, penetrating charm of this tiny corner of the earth returns, and the old longing to bind myself to it, to have my place in its life, always, through the years to come. . . .

The oxen have gone their way along the road; the lengthy twilight shadows steal across the garden; from the church-spire up on the hill the Angelus rings out; quite near at hand a tree-frog starts piping his shrill, clear note, and the cockchafers their angry whirling; and then, of a sudden, the violet night has fallen, wrapping all earth and sky in her mysterious, impenetrable blackness. . . .

SPRING IN BÉARN.

Of a sudden it seems to have come—the poplars fluttering their golden-green; the fruit-trees tricked out in fête-day frocks of frail snow-white; the hoary oaks uncurling their baby leaves; and the lanes all littered with golden broom. . . .

The blue flax sways like a sensitive sea; the violets peep from amid the moss; beneath every hedgerow the primroses cluster; and the rivulets tinkle their shrill, glad songs. . . .

Dense levies of orchisses empurple the meadows, where the butterflies hasten their wavering flight; the sunlight breathes through the pale-leaved woods; and the air is sweet with the scent of the spring, and loud with the humming of wings. . . .

It lasts but a week—a fleeting mood of dainty gaiety; a quick discarding of the brown shabbiness of winter for a smiling array of white and gold, fresh-green, and turquoise-blue. . . .

And then, it has flitted, and through the long, parched months relentlessly blazes the summer sun.

IN THE LANDES.

Since sunrise I had been travelling—along the straight-stretching roads, white with summer sand, interminably striped by the shadows of the poplars; across the great, parched plain, where, all the day's length, the heat dances over the waste land, and the cattle bells float their far-away tinkling; through the desolate villages, empty but for the beldames, hunched in the doorways, pulling the flax with horny, tremulous fingers; and on towards the desolate silence of the flowerless pine-forests. . . .

And there the night fell. The sun went down unseen; a dim flickering ruddled the host of tree-trunks, and the darkness started to drift through the forest. The road

grew narrow as a foot-path, and the mare, slackening her pace, uneasily strained her white neck ahead. . . .

Out of the darkness a figure sprang beside me. A shout rang out—words of an uncouth *patois* that I did not understand. And the mare, terrified, galloped forward, snorting and swerving, from side to side. . . .

And a strange, superstitious fear crept upon me—a dreamy dread of the future; a helpless presentiment of evil days to come; a sense, too, of the ruthless nullity of life, of the futile deception of effort, of bitter revolt against the extinction of death; a yearning after faith in some vague survival beyond. . . .

And the words of the old proverb returned to me mockingly: "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is the ear with hearing."

IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

. . . All day an intense impression of lusty sunlight, of quivering golden-green . . . a long, white road that dazzles, between its rustling, dark-green walls; blue brawling rivers; swelling upland meadows, flower-thronged, luscious with tall, cool grass; the shepherd's thin-toned pipe; the ragged flocks, blocking the road, cropping at the hedge-rows as they hurry on towards the mountains; the slow, straining teams of jangling mules—wine-carriers coming from Spain; through dank, cobbled village streets, where the pigs pant their bellies in the roadway, and the sandal-makers flatten the hemp before their doors; and then, out again into the lusty sunlight, along the straight, powdery road that dazzles ahead interminably towards a mysterious, hazy horizon, where the land melts into the sky. . . .

And, at last, the cool evening scents; soft shadows stealing beneath the still, silent oaks; and, all at once, a sight of the great snow-mountains, vague, phantasmagoric, like a mirage in the sky; and of the hills, all indigo, rippling towards a pale sunset of liquid gold.

HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE.

DIES DOMINÆ.—(Conclusion.)

THE FEMININE POTENTIAL.

IT is somewhat to be feared that those idealists who would fain build in the new earth and the new heaven a shrine for the woman-spirit, find the study of its present manifestation a constant jeopardy to their faith. So far, in fact, have the feet of the modern woman strayed from the environment of beauty, that to guide them once more towards the first step of the golden stair seems like leading a very forlorn hope. However clear one's perceptions may be of the conditions that have combined to make her what she is, the sting of her unloveliness is apt to breed a resentment against her which no philosophy of patience can entirely purge away. The mind, weighing well the provocations, may absolve, but the soul has only cognizance of a misshapen presence calling itself by a woman's name though destitute of a woman's charm. And the fact that she is naked of grace yet not ashamed, does not render the task of her championship lighter, nor still the gibes of those who have received a stone when they asked for bread. Man, who sees everything in woman without comprehending anything, regards the present stage of her evolution with dismay and her future with despair. Time had endeared to him the ideals he had fashioned, and prudence enjoined their maintenance. Now her passionate rejection of them has disquieted without enlightening him, and for the moment he stands before the ruin of his peace, scoffing at the false purity which makes a virtue of sexlessness. For his wrath there is undeniably a measure of justification. As yet the modern Eve has only distinguished herself in the swift destruction of those principles upon which her ancestors built their lives. The work of reconstruction is not yet begun, and seems like to tarry till many maids have waxed and waned. In the meantime life has taken on a strange unloveliness, and the least beautiful thing therein is the New Woman, a half-fledged creature shivering on the brink of a new-made grave, where the glad and simple impulses of her nature lie buried, under cold stones, alive. Of the beauty of life she will have none, having steeped her soul in the sham realism which she mistakes for

truth. Everywhere in modern art and literature there are evidences of this concentration on the squalid side of existence, and woman, so susceptible always to the temper of art, has caught the taint of this devotion to sordid actuality. As is also her wont, she has carried the impulse to its last limit, discarding "the splendour of the true" for a spurious naturalism, which is as exclusive in its worship of ugliness as the most ardent æsthete ever was to "that Lady Beauty." It is not too much to say that all the most repulsive characteristics of the emancipated woman have sprung from this cult of the sanity with which she has saturated her spirit.

Indications are not wanting, however, to testify that the day of reaction is at hand. The first breath of returning sanity has lit the lamp of romance once more, and in its pale radiance the shadowy form of the great goddess may be discerned watching ever for the moment when woman shall again lift her eyes towards the gate of her desolate temple. In the youth of the world the female aspiration was concentrated either directly or indirectly on the achievement of beauty. When "grand Greek Aphrodite" sprang from the sea, the impulse of all womanhood rose with her, exulting in that rare perfection which enshrined the desire of all the ages. To the ancients the ideal of beauty could only be approached through the cult of "the visible fair form," which, transfigured by the Hellenic spirit, inspired a philosophy of life whose materialism is as far removed from the materialism of this age as the Greek ideal is from the Teutonic. The colour and contour of the body was to a classic people merely the physical expression of grand thoughts and sublime emotions into which considerations of sex entered but slightly. They sought the soul through the veil of the flesh, and found it in a wave of the hair or a line of the lips, which thus became for them sumptuous symbols of a glorious mortality. So long as the principle of beauty survived reincarnate for ever and again, they grieved not that the soul should with the body die the death. And in spite of the sexlessness of the abstract ideal, the divine type which inspired the monuments of Greek art took the form of a woman, for Aphrodite was in her temple then, and all was right with the world.

But the dawn of Christianity marked the supersession of the cult of beauty by an evangel which exalted lowliness beyond loveliness, and which discouraged the cultivation of physical perfection as inimical to the purification of the spirit. A religion based upon a fervent asceticism gradually involved a new conception of the feminine ideal, in which self-sacrifice took the place of self-development. This creed of abnegations, first preached in the interests of ambitious sacerdotalism, and afterwards by the austere zealots of the Reformation, suffered only the feeble gainsaying of art, which, although born in the very citadel of the Church, reverted by imperceptible degrees to a Pagan sentiment. Painters began to label their studies of womanhood indifferently with the name of the Virgin or Venus, and the flowing hair and fluttering hem gave an air of Bacchanalian beauty to the artistic representation of the Madonna, which prevailed during the later years of the Renaissance era. In this country, however, the rise of Protestantism, with its *peine forte et dure*, its sober raiment and more sober life, had a more enduring influence on the feminine spirit; for although it has since emancipated itself to a great extent from the tyranny of puritanism, it still retains unlovely remnants of the mental and moral characteristics that were ground into it as it lay under the iron heel of the Roundhead. She has worked out her freedom, but has not as yet found a way to clothe her naked liberty with the garment of grace, and so render it acceptable to all generations of men. As a child who has run away from school finds a keen delight in insulting its absent teachers, so woman flaunts her defied conventions in the face of man, and fancies herself brave as well as unfettered. She is never weary of declaring her contempt for the other sex and the feminine beauty that man prizes above all human things. The former opinion she emphasizes by parodying his vices and his phrases, his gait and his clothes, with the result that the most faithful supporters of woman's rights are now coming to the sad conclusion that they would rather see her fair than free.

In spite, however, of the long centuries through which

she has performed her eternal mission, its law is still written on the tablets of her soul, for the intimate association of woman and beauty is no vain thing fondly imagined, but a fundamental interdependence that may be denied for a space but can never be annihilated. So far the denial of this truth has only brought her to a condition of spurious growth and fantastic activity, which has in it neither the seed of the old peace nor of the new perfection. It has made of womanhood a thing of shreds and patches—shreds of misdirected energy and patches of misbegotten passion. Nor can she ever hope to become a whole and completed creature with "a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting," without the sense of proportion, which is the first element of beauty. She has striven for liberty, and already the keys of the gate of life are in her hand; but if she lacks the wit to make freedom fair, what will it avail her in the end? As yet she has not even knowledge enough to recognize her own incompleteness, her unfitness for work and love alike. Labour that is neither continuous nor co-operative benefits none but the isolated individual, and the world could go on quite well, perhaps better, without it. Neither is the modern woman a greater expert at love. At present she is apt to take it as she has her shoes mended, "while you wait," and when she discovers what a formless, colourless thing is this casual Cupid, she jeers at the sentiment of which it is but the shadow's shade. For love can never be lovely unless the desire of beauty dwells in the soul of the woman who loves. And only through the development of this desire will the redemption of woman be wrought out.

This creed may seem at first sight to be nothing more than a diaphanous doctrine fashioned of the stuff that dreams are made of. But a brief study of the principles of beauty will show that the pursuit of it is by no means incompatible with the conditions of practical life. The service of beauty is not an activity but an attitude of heart and mind which, being a subjective influence, touches the personality of a woman rather than her deeds or words. Once in possession of this sixth sense, this exquisite consciousness, even the least beautiful of women may become fair, good alike to the sight and the soul. The world has ceased to pour libations to Aphrodite. Her temple is a ruin, and they who worshipped there have long since lain with all generations of women in the House of Sleep, taking the secret of their beauty and wisdom with them down the steep stair into oblivion. And now, when the world is in its dotage, woman is questing once more that supernal art of loveliness and life. The person of the goddess survives in the abstractions of the poet and the painter, and in every evanescent expression of beauty that glorifies the natural world. But the feminine spirit is still groping in the darkness after a *Maya* of her own invention—an illusion that allures and eludes, a phantom with no name. The winds of instinct still drive her on the rocks, even as the warning cry of her intellect is ringing in her ears. For the moment she stands at the parting of the ways. Behind her lies the woman of the past prostrate under the weight of her manifold obligations, and before her rises the first pale promise of her infinite possibility, which may, through the service of beauty and the sceptre thereof, flush with its realization the dawn of a distant morrow.

A WOMAN OF THE DAY.

MAYTIME IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

THE cuckoo-flowers scatter their drifts of lavender-tinted snow over the emerald meadows in our West Country coombes, and that wandering voice, the seldom seen bird from which they are named, moves from hollow to woody hollow of the green-grassed hills. The cuckoo's far-heard cry returns again each year fraught with all the sweet mystery of the spring, the new birth of life and love, the lovetime which is the songtime of the birds and the insect races, the lovetime which is the flowertime of plant and tree. These pale cuckoo-flowers, the cardamine, are not the only flowers that bear the name of the sovran voice of spring. The fragile woodsorrel is the "cuckoo's meat," the red lychnis is the *flos cuculi*, the arum is the cuckoo-pint, the very kingcups or buttercups are Shakespeare's "cuckoo-buds." The nightingale was called by Sappho

the herald of spring; but in our English meadows and woodlands the title belongs by right to the cuckoo, and long before sunrise and often late into the night the mysterious note is heard, preluding at early dawn the sudden jubilant bird-chorus that greets the returning day, and again heard like a floating echo breaking the soft stillness of the May night.

The cuckoo is the living clock that tells the time of the year unerringly, for unchanging instinct is its motive power. When the cuckoo's note is heard, we know that the springtime is with us and the summer is near. That note comes to us with memories of pearl-grey light at early dawn upon dew-grey lawns, with memories of the mossy silence that accentuates the sound in a great wood at noon; glad memories of the youth of the earth which returns with each returning year; sad memories of our own youth which, as the years return, passes inevitably away.

When the cuckoo's call is heard, that yearly mystery, the leafbirth of the spring, has begun. The fullness of that strange, unseen power which we call life stirs in the sap of plant and tree, as in the veins of bird and beast and man. The leafbirth of the year is gradual. First a mist of softest green gathers on the larches. Though down in the sheltered recesses of the wood the sage-green honeysuckle leaves have crept out already before the last frosts were fled, the golden-brown larchwood is the first to put on the green livery, while beech and oak and other hardwoods remain brown and bare. After an interval the sycamore expands the lustrous bronze of its leaves, which harmonize with the cinnamon-brown of the great trunk and limbs. Then the gummy buds of the horse-chestnut swell and break, and soft green leaf-fans, drooping delicately, hide the spreading branches. At last the brown leaf-sheaths of the beech open from within, and through the sheeny amethyst of the opening inner leaf-cases appears the living emerald of the folded leaves, contrasting vividly with the silvery bark of the tree. The wall-like beech-hedges hang curtains of emerald satin along the lanes, the fresh downy leafage glistening in the sun with a silky sheen. Over this green satin, at intervals, hang trailing patterns of bronzing honeysuckle leaves. The ruby-budded times break into a million emeralds, and the oak and ash no longer lift their lattices of bare boughs against the sky; for a golden-green cloud has settled upon the branchy oakwood, and soon the dark flower tufts of the ash are hidden, and the feathery plumage fledges every bough.

Meantime the leafbirth has been developing into the flowerbirth. As if by magic a white cloud of blossom floats over the slim mazzards of the wood. In the orchards a rose-tinted snow of blossom settles on the apple-trees. Then come the stately white pyramids of waxen horse-chestnut flowers, gleaming like lamps in a dark night of leafage, soon to sprinkle their painted petals on the greensward below. Then the yellowish honey-scented flowerbunches of the sycamore are filled with the murmuring of the bees, and the flowery frost of May gathers white on the emerald-leaved hawthorn boughs.

The flowerbirth in the plants is more gradual, and of course far more varied and beautiful. Among the first to catch the eye, long before the springtime is fully come, is the lesser celandine, whose stars of polished gold gather thick above the heart-shaped leaves. Then the short-lived and fragile flower bells of the woodsorrel sprinkle like white foam-bells the chrysopras lakelets of its delicate foliage, in the hollows of the wood and in the mossy slopes of the lanes. Closely examined the tiny flower-bell of the woodsorrel is seen to be delicately yet distinctly veined with softest purple and lilac. The woodsorrel fades quickly; but the primroses light up the woody coombes and shady lanes: their pale blossoming continues far into June, a flower link between the spring and the summer. So, too, does the sapphire of the violets which jewel the mossy slopes till they are eclipsed by the rosy splendour of the red meadow lychnis, among which appears at a later date the whiteness of the evening lychnis, which is sweet only in the cool of the evening. Now, too, from sunny banks the companies of the early red orchis with its spotted leaves are beginning to fade away. In shady glades of the wood the sapphire blue of the germander speedwell was as early as the end of April made the earth look as

if the sky had come down. Strange to say, Wordsworth, and, if I remember rightly, Keats incorrectly call the germander speedwell "eyebright," supposing the name to signify the bright colouring of the flower.

The flowering of the plants, like the singing of the birds, is the lovetime of Nature. There is a sensitive life in plants akin to the life of animals. Not only does the sundew feed like the swallow or the trout, but many plants have nightly sleep, as well as a yearly stirring of sexual life, and so you may see the sensitive leaves of clumps of woodsorrel or of acres of white clover drooping and limp as they hang their heads, heavy with sleep, when the daylight dies; and, again, you may see them rise refreshed to meet the awakening day. Living close to Nature, one gradually learns that article of the Wordsworthian creed: "That every flower enjoys the air it breathes."

Before the first grey ripples of the tide of light begin to encroach on the shores of night, the brown wood-owls answer one another from each deep-shadowed glen. Then, as the soft grey light slowly floods the eastward sky, the cuckoo's voice comes as if from very far away, moving about like an unquiet spirit, conveying an undertone of melancholy into the joyousness of the spring day. But the melancholy is quickly swallowed up in the incoming tide of joy; the joy of mere living that swells from blackbird and thrush and the numerous race of the finches. In this great concert the fluting of the blackbird is supremely sweet, and at no time so sweet as when the freshness of the dew-grey dawn is upon every bird-note that thrills the listening air.

And thus the whole woodland becomes, as it were, Apollo's lyre, and responds to the fingers of the light slowly stealing over it with such a burst of answering bird music as the later hours of the day can never hear. Nothing but a concert of nightingales in Hampshire woods or Berkshire thickets can compare with it, and that has not the varied wealth of the whole woodland choir, nor yet the matchless setting of the cool stillness of the dawn. One spirit animates the whole and gives a singular harmony and sweetness to the many notes; love is the spirit that moves the song alike of blackbird and thrush, of finch and warbler, of copse-concealed blackcap and sky-ascending lark.

In the cool dawn, too, the bird-song breaks an almost perfect stillness, whereas later in the day a low murmurous whispering never leaves the air, when once the sun's warmth has brought out the myriad insect swarms—a live murmur which sounds, in the pauses of the bird-song during the day, like the tireless tide of life breaking softly and dying away on the shore of eternity.

The spirit of love breathes through this lowly psalm of insect life, from the faint rustle of the wings of the orange-tip male butterfly, flitting about in courtship of his plain white mate over the cuckoo-flowers of the lush water-meadow, or from the Wood White in the sunny glade, to the contented crinkling of the unseen field-cricket in the heat of noon, and the murmurous and mazy dance of the gnats at evening beside the shadowy stream. It is the same spirit that inspires the jubilant song of blackbird and thrush, of blackcap and lark, and breathes in the cooing of the wood-dove, as Wordsworth noted, a permanency of tranquil happiness, of quiet glee. A somewhat plaintive cry is that of the breeding plover, from which the farmers on our poorer and heathery highlands are called peewit farmers, and yet even the plover's cry takes its sadness because it is generally heard in the attempt to draw the passer-by away from her much-sought eggs or callow young.

At this time also the tournaments of love go on, and down by the streamlet's side you may hear the thick challenge of the water-rail, and see the rival males fluttering up against one another face to face like gamecocks, while the sober hen-bird looks demurely on, the prize of the victor in the fray.

The universal leafiness hides the great body of the birds as it hides the "mossy-footed" squirrels and other wild things of the wood. The deep grass, reddened with tall sorrel and gilded with kingcups, is a dark-green sea brimming with hidden insect life, over which the birds, many of the singing-birds as well as the twittering tribe of swallows and martens, find their food. That swallow of the night the eve-jar, with his prolonged churring note, rests all day, and only at sundown begins his

quest for food, circling about as silently round the trees as the silver-grey and gold-brown moths he pursues. Mr. George Meredith, with his customary felicity and knowledge of nature, calls it "the moth-winged jar." By day the swallows circle above the river's brim, drinking on the wing with inimitable grace of movement; by night the bats take their place and hawk up and down over the quiet water, with the flight of swallows, dipping now and again, and drinking on the wing.

NIKISCH AND SIEGFRIED WAGNER.

SINCE the days when Mr. Manns' admirers used to send him polite requests to have his raven locks shorn, and enclosed the probable amount of the barber's bill, Mr. Arthur Nikisch is the most picturesque figure who has mounted an English concert platform to conduct an English orchestra. Mottl's majestic form is rather too burly to delight a fastidious eye, and the main virtues of Richter's playing are the principal defects of his person; Levi is not at all an impressive personage, and Siegfried Wagner has not yet grown out of his resemblance to a caricature of his father, as we see his father in the early portraits. Of the conductors familiar to us, Mr. Manns is the only one who looks his part, and Mr. Nikisch is even more picturesque than Mr. Manns. In the case of the modern musician these things count for much. A head of hair is rather to be chosen than a great technique, and a romantic eye than touch or tone. Tone, touch, technique, must patiently wait for recognition, but how much can be achieved by hair or eye was shown by the instantaneous success of Sauer, and by the fact that some time ago Paderewski's agent would on no account hear of his ridding himself of that glory of dusky gold. And if Mr. Nikisch fails at once to capture the affections of a London afternoon audience it will be because there is about him something that mars the completely harmonious effect of his artistically disordered hair, his elegantly nervous figure, clad (I am given to understand) in the newest fashion, and that melancholy eye which gazes mournfully into futurity. To be frank, when he conducts his appearance does somehow strike a discordant note just now. His pose and his air of authority are just a little obvious and offensive. He seems enamoured of some high-flying notion of magnetizing his men, of subduing them to his will, compelling them to carry out his every thought almost as he thinks it. Now, when you are conducting a hungry German orchestra, where the best men get twenty shillings a week, and go in daily fear of losing that, it is easy enough to work the magnetic business, for so soon as the men discover that to be your little weakness they are ready to be hypnotized by the hour, or for that matter to be cast into a trance by the week. But an orchestra of a hundred independent Englishmen or Anglicized foreigners, who never will be slaves except for something handsome in cash, who would laugh if you offered them for a day's work what the German bandmen are glad to get for a week's work, who have not an empty stomach amongst them: this kind of orchestra cannot easily be hypnotized, and the conductor who tries it is apt to make rather a ludicrous spectacle. It is to be hoped that Mr. Nikisch will drop the thing at once, for it prevented his full powers from being recognized at once last Saturday afternoon, and may be equally inconvenient on this afternoon and the remaining Saturdays on which he plays at Queen's Hall. That would be a pity, for Mr. Nikisch is a conductor of some power and originality. He is rather too anxious to create a distinctive impression, to be different from other conductors, if he cannot be better. Obviously, he wishes to play everything as though it had never been played before, the result being that he plays many things so as to suggest that he has often heard them played before and is bent on playing them differently. Of course that does not constitute a crime, for at least it keeps one awake; but, unfortunately, Mr. Nikisch sometimes kept one awake only to abuse him. His new "points" are less revelations of beauties which other conductors have overlooked, less the logical result of an original conception of the whole work he plays, than mere exaggerations of details

which other conductors are too wise to exaggerate, and the result of having no real, no living conception of the work at all. For example, towards the end of the "Tannhäuser" overture he accentuated the upper horn part, either by doubling the number of horns, or by asking those he had to blow harder, so as to make a duet between that and the main melody of the trombones. The result was emphatically "new," but did not compensate for the loss of the massive effect of the trombone melody when it alone stands out distinctly, like a single giant oak in an open field. On the other hand, his complete emancipation from petrifying traditions enables him to imbue much of his playing with a breezy freshness that is grateful to ears overweary with many concerts where everything is done in the safe and accepted manner. Moreover, he actually gets some effects intended by the composers, but passed over by most conductors. Take that part of the slow movement of the Fifth Symphony where the basses have a variant of the first theme while the woodwind and other strings smite heavy chords above: who has ever before heard that tumultuous rush of the basses played with the force the composer evidently wished? Mottl came nearest to doing it so that one might guess in what part of the bar the basses were at any given moment, but even with Mottl the strength of the passage was largely dissipated in mere muddle. Nikisch solved the problem by grouping all the basses on one side of the orchestra instead of scattering them, in the customary way, a few on either side; and the tone came out in a solid boom that made the hall throb, and that melody sounded as clear as though it were played by an expert organist on the pedals of a fine organ, which is unmistakably what Beethoven meant. By playing the scherzo like a thing that had never been played before, he certainly made one feel as though one had never heard it before, the effect of anxious suspense got by the steady beating of the drum at the end being extraordinary in its intensity; and the full splendour and tenderness of the Finale have never been more completely brought out. The "Peer Gynt" suite is a smaller matter, but he did it superbly. By holding in his men until the last movement, and then getting all he could out of them, he almost made one's hair stand on end with the great crashes and bangs which are usually so nonsensical. The concert, like Dr. Parry's Symphony in F, was so much too long that I left before the "Carneval" overture, but I learn from the reports of critics who left the hall with me that this number went exceeding well, and that is gratifying. On the whole, so far as can be judged from this one concert, I am disposed to think that to the four great conductors I mentioned in this column some weeks ago the name of Nikisch must be added.

It would be inadvisable of Mr. Siegfried Wagner to ask us to take him too seriously yet. Taken seriously, it would be necessary to say severe things about him, things which perhaps he does not deserve. We all know Mrs. Wagner as a very strong-minded lady, and when (as is said) she signified her determination that Siegfried, instead of taking up architecture, which he liked, should take up music, which he did not specially like, and prepare himself to conduct the Bayreuth shop, to the end that the business might remain in the family, it is easy to understand that no one would be bold enough to oppose her. Mr. Siegfried Wagner, at any rate, did not oppose her, but went meekly to Humperdinck to be coached in the mysteries of his future calling; and having proceeded so far, he is only carrying the thing consistently through when he comes here to show us how Beethoven should be played. Obviously, his too frequent mention of his father and grandfather is only his way of trying to persuade himself that he must be a musician by race, that he has music in his blood. Any one who has heard him conduct, or listened to his compositions, knows perfectly well that music is not in his blood, and that is where the disadvantage of talking about Wagner and Liszt comes in. I do not mean that I doubt the accuracy of his pedigree, for his face proclaims his father, and it is extremely probable that he shares with many others the honour of having Liszt for his grandfather. I do mean that though it is not Mr. Siegfried Wagner's fault that he is grandson of a great musician and son of a greater, it is his fault that he makes a little too much of it. Mozart's son used to express regret that Mozart was his father, but that

Wagner was Mr. Siegfried Wagner's father is the thing Mr. Siegfried Wagner apparently most desires to have recognized. If we took him seriously we should have to say that it looked as if he wished to trade upon his name; but I prefer the explanation offered above, while I regret that by talking so much of his relations he has led the public to expect very much more than he is prepared to give. His concert of 6 June was certainly the most deplorable fiasco of recent times, and should serve Mr. Schulz-Curtius as a confirmation of the warning he received in this column last year, that he must not allow Bayreuth to impose tenth-rate persons upon him. Decidedly Mr. Siegfried Wagner is a tenth-rate person. I cannot say a tenth-rate artist, for he is no artist at all; and the entire lack of the artist in him prevents him playing the masterworks in even a tenth-rate manner. Despite his complete absorption and free application of his father's views on the Eighth Symphony, one cannot say that he did more than play it in a twentieth-rate manner. The "Meistersingers" overture became, in his hands, a helpless series of noises; the "Rheingold" music had to play itself, and by the help of the band, Miss Janson and Mr. Bispham, almost succeeded. I must admit that the broad, yet passionate and truly romantic reading of the "Freischütz" overture showed an appreciation of Weber and the Weber spirit which is evidently not shared by the critics who singled out that piece for special condemnation; and this appreciation surprised me a good deal, for it was shown nowhere else, and in accompanying Grandpapa Liszt's "Lorelei" (which was "remarkably finely" sung by Miss Palliser) Mr. Siegfried Wagner appeared wholly indifferent to both romance and passion. When Mr. Wagner's own Symphonic Poem, "Sehnsucht," came to be played, we all smiled, as I imagine the audience must have smiled at the first performance of the Ninth Symphony, though I regret to say that the two works cannot be placed in the same category on that account. In spite of its name, "Sehnsucht" no more resembles one of Liszt's symphonic poems than it resembles a Bach fugue. It is simply Wagner vulgarized. The length appals, and the inconsequent sameness bores; yet no one without a distant feeling for what is beautiful in poetic ideas could have written it. The idea, of course, is Schiller's, and Mr. Siegfried Wagner has sought to illustrate it musically: sought and failed, and failed to an extent which may be comprehended when I say that the best parts are worse than Liszt at his worst, and the worst parts little better than Parry at his best. The orchestral colouring is so shockingly muddy that it is impossible to resist the impression that Siegfried has not dared to let Humperdinck see the work, for I should be sorry to think that the composer of the delightful "Hansel and Gretel" is so greatly afraid of the young king of Bayreuth, or even of the queen his mother, as to pretend to approve of such sorry stuff. But perhaps Humperdinck, like myself, does not take Siegfried very seriously; perhaps he believes, as I do, that even Siegfried's tenth-rate intelligence will ultimately enable him to see the advisability of quitting the line into which he has been so foolishly forced. Anyhow, it is to be hoped that Mr. Schulz-Curtius will not inflict him upon us again, for another such concert as that last will ruin the enterprise altogether, which would be a pity, for the Schulz-Curtius concerts are emphatically the most hopeful thing attempted in the musical way in London since Mr. Schulz-Curtius himself brought Richter here twenty years ago. Let us hope also that we shall have no more of the German singers, without voice, without art, who have annoyed us lately, and that the preposterous price of the programme may speedily be reduced to something that will not justify me in using a very disagreeable word about it.

J. F. R.

LA PRINCESSE LOINTAINE.

"La Princesse Lointaine." By Edmond Rostand.
Daly's Theatre, 17 June, 1895.

THE romance of chivalry has its good points; but it always dies of the Unwomanly Woman. And M. Rostand's "Princesse Far Away" will die of Melissinde. A first act in which the men do nothing but describe their hysterical visions of a wonderful goddess-princess whom they have never seen, had enough; but it is

pardonable, because men do make fools of themselves about women, sometimes in an interesting and poetic fashion. But when the woman appears and plays up to the height of their folly, intoning her speeches to an accompaniment of harps and horns, distributing lilies and languors to pilgrims, and roses and raptures to troubadours, always in the character which their ravings have ascribed to her, what can one feel except that an excellent opportunity for a good comedy is being thrown away? If Melissinde would only eat something, or speak in prose, or only swear in it, or do anything human—were it even smoking a cigarette—to bring these silly Argonauts to their senses for a moment, one could forgive her. But she remains an unredeemed humbug from one end of the play to the other; and when, at the climax of one of her most deliberately piled-up theatrical entrances, a poor green mariner exclaims, with open-mouthed awe, "The Blessed Virgin!" it sends a twinge of frightful blasphemous irony down one's spine. Having felt that, I now understand better than before why the Dulcinea episodes in "Don Quixote" are so coarse in comparison to the rest of the book. Cervantes had been driven into reactionary savagery by too much Melissinde.

It is a pity that the part of M. Rostand's play which deals with the shipful of enthusiasts did not get over the footlights better; for it is touched here and there with a certain modern freedom of spirit, and has some grace, youth, and imagination in it. But it lacks the force which comes from wisdom and originality. The prettiest descriptions of Melissinde are spoiled by the reflection—inevitable in an audience saturated with the Bernhardt tradition—that they are only leading up to the entrance of the star. Besides, they are in the verse of a rhythmless language. I know that many English people declare that they appreciate this verse; and I know also that they sometimes follow up their declaration by asking you whether you pronounce *Fédora* as *Fay'dera* or *Fido'ra*, a question which no Frenchman could even understand. But to me French verse is simply not verse at all. I know it as a blind man knows colour: that is, by the current explanations of it. When I read alexandrines, I cook them, in spite of myself, so as to make them scan like the last line of a stanza in "Childe Harold": for instance, if I may illustrate by combining Rostand and Byron:

"Te voyant accoutré d'une manière telle,

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting,
fell,

Pour porter monseigneur vers sa Dame Lointaine
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain."

This, I know, is deplorable; but it would be useless for me to attempt to conceal my hopeless deficiencies as a linguist. I am very sorry; but I cannot learn languages. I have tried hard, only to find that men of ordinary capacity can learn Sanscrit in less time than it takes me to buy a German dictionary. The worst of it is that this disability of mine seems to be most humiliatingly exceptional. My colleagues sit at French plays, German plays, and Italian plays, laughing at all the jokes, thrilling with all the fine sentiments, and obviously understanding the finest shades of the language; whilst I, unless I have read the play beforehand, or asked somebody during the interval what it is about, must either struggle with a sixpenny "synopsis" which invariably misses the real point of the drama, or else sit with a guilty conscience and a blank countenance, drawing the most extravagantly wrong inferences from the dumb show of the piece. The torture of this can only be adequately apprehended when it is considered that in ordinary novels, or plays, or conversations, the majority of sentences have no definite meaning at all; and that an energetic intellectual effort to grapple with them, such as one makes in trying to understand a foreign language, would at once discover their inconclusiveness, inaccuracy, and emptiness. When I listen to an English play I am not troubled by not understanding when there is nothing to understand, because I understand at once that there is nothing to understand. But at a foreign play I do not understand this; and every sentence that means nothing in particular—say five out of six in the slower moments of the action—seems to me to be a sentence of which I have missed the meaning through my unhappy and disgraceful

ignorance of the language. Hence torments of shame and inefficiency, the betrayal of which would destroy my reputation as a critic at one blow. Of course I have a phrase or two ready at the end of my tongue to conceal my ignorance. My command of operatic Italian is almost copious, as might be expected from my experience as a musical critic. I can make love in Italian; I could challenge a foe to a duel in Italian if I were not afraid of him; and if I swallowed some agonizing mineral poison, I could describe my sensations very eloquently. And I could manage a prayer pretty well. But these accomplishments are too special for modern comedy and ordinary conversation. As to French, I can neither speak it nor understand it when spoken without an impracticably long interval for reflection; and I am, besides, subject to a curious propensity, when addressed by Italian or French people, to reply in fluent German, though on all other occasions that language utterly baffles me. On the whole, I come off best at the theatre in such a case as that of "Magda," where I began by reading the synopsis, then picked up a little of the play in French at Daly's Theatre, then a little more in Italian at Drury Lane, then a little more in German from the book, and finally looked at Duse and was illuminated beyond all the powers of all the books and languages on earth.

I may now return to M. Rostand's play with an easy conscience, since I have made it plain that my sense that its versification is a drawback to it may be the effect of pure ignorance on my part. Certainly it made it verbose, and destroyed the illusion of the seafaring scenes by setting all the sailors monotonously bawling their phrases like street cries, in the manner of M. Mounet Sully and the Comédie Française, though of course they stopped short of the worst declamatory horrors of that institution. And in some subtle way, it led on the two troubadours, Joffroy Rudel and Bertrand d'Allamanon, to make themselves ridiculous. About Joffroy (M. de Max) there was no mistake from the very beginning. As he lay moribund on his litter, his large dark eyes were fixed in profound pity for himself; and his lips were wreathed in a smile of ineffable complacency at the thought of how well his eyes looked. He smiled all poor M. Rostand's poetry overboard within a minute of his entrance; and it then became a question whether Bertrand (M. Guitry) could raise it from the depths in the second and third acts, in which Joffroy does not appear. But though M. Guitry did not smile at all, being, in fact, as serious a man as any poet could desire, the audience laughed outright at Bertrand. In vain did Madame Bernhardt work up his entrance by tearing off her white sleeves and throwing them out of the window to him, enjoining him to redder them in the gore of the gigantic green knight. In vain did he dash in spinning with the impetus of his charge, whirling his falchion in the air, and bearing on his brow a gash which suggested that the green knight, before succumbing, had sliced the top off his head like the lid of a saucepan. The audience only laughed. They laughed again when he fainted; they shrieked when Sorismonde (the inevitable confidente) said "He is better"; and they might have ended by laughing the piece off the stage had he not reminded Melissinde that she had no sleeves on, whereupon she became conscious of herself, and a blushing silence fell on the house. It was really not M. Guitry's fault: for the life of me I cannot see what he could have done other than what he did; but I cannot pretend that I take a very severe view of the bad manners of the audience in laughing. However, his entrance, like several of the exciting events on the ship in the first act, might have been better stage-managed. The great modern master of such effects is Richard Wagner, with regard to whom the French nation is still in a comparatively benighted condition. The stage manager who wishes to work up the arrival of a champion or the sighting of land from a ship had better go to Bayreuth and watch the first acts of "Lohengrin" and "Tristan," unless he is content to run the risk of making modern audiences laugh. But I do not think very much could be done with M. Rostand's scene leading up to Bertrand's arrival in any case. Melissinde and Sorismonde describing the attack from the window—"Oh, quel superbe d'ant!" and so on—is not to be compared either to Rebecca describing the onslaught of the black knight to Ivanhoe, or

Klingsor's running commentary to Kundry on the havoc made by Parsifal among the knights of the flower maidens.

As to Madame Bernhardt's own performance, it is not humanly possible for an actress to do very much with a play in which, when the other characters are not describing what a peerlessly beautiful and wonderful creature she is, she is herself on the stage accepting that ridiculous position. But the moment Madame Bernhardt entered one very welcome reform was evident. The elaborate make-up which I took the liberty of describing in some detail in my last article, and which made Gismonda and Magda so impossibly like goddesses in a Tiepolesque ceiling, had all but disappeared. Melissinde had a face, not a stucco mask: she was a real woman, not a hair-dresser's shop-window image. And what an improvement it was! How Madame Bernhardt can ever have supposed that her face is less interesting or attractive than the complexion which she carries in her dressing-bag, or that she has anything to gain by trying to make herself look like the silliest sort of lady of fashion, would be a mystery to me if it were not only too evident that she no longer brings to her art the immense pressure of thought and labour which earns for the greatest artists that rarest of all faiths, faith in their real selves. She looked much better; but there was very little thought, very little work, and consequently very little interest in her performance. Fortunately for her, she still has exceptional nervous power; and she has not altogether forgotten those situations in her old parts which repeat themselves with more or less inessential modification in her new ones. This, to so clever a woman, with such a reputation, is enough to enable her to play the great actress still. But it should not satisfy London criticism. Take, for example, the end of the third act of this "Princesse Lointaine," which she selects as her opportunity for one of those displays of vehemence which are expected from her as part of the conventional Bernhardt exhibition. It is pure rant and nothing else. When once she begins to tear through her lines at the utmost pitch and power of her voice, she shows no further sense of what she is saying, and is unable to recover herself when, in the final speech, the feeling changes. As her physical endurance threatens to fail she tears along the faster, and finally rushes off the stage in a forced frenzy. I do not deny that there is something very exciting in a blind whirlwind of roaring energy. I have seen a working-class audience spring to their feet and cheer madly for three minutes at it. But then the artist was Mr. John Burns, who can give Madame Bernhardt a start of several miles at that particular sort of effect, and beat her easily. And I am bound to say, in justice to Mr. Burns, that I have never seen him bring down the curtain in this fashion until the play was really over, or substitute the peroration for the business part of the speech, whereas Madame Bernhardt does deliberately substitute rant for the business of the play. Again, Mr. Burns does it to amuse an election meeting of working men who are tired of sitting still: he does not offer it as serious political oratory in the House of Commons. I need hardly say that it is not the sort of effect that improves as the artist grows older, since it can only be produced by sustained physical violence. It is quite different from those effects which great players produce at a dramatic climax by working up the scene, through sheer force of acting, to the pitch at which, when the crucial moment comes, the effect makes itself, the artist's work being then over, though the audience is persuaded that some stupendous magnetic explosion has taken place. No doubt some of my readers have witnessed that scene in which Queen Elizabeth and her court seemed to vanish miraculously from the stage, apparently swept into nothingness when Ristori let loose her wrath as Marie Stuart; or they may have seen the same effect produced by Salvini when the king flies in disorder from the play scene in "Hamlet." But it is only the critic, watching and listening with the same intensity with which the performer acts, who, when asked what extraordinary thing Ristori or Salvini did at that supreme moment to work such a miracle, is able to reply that they did nothing. Elizabeth and Claudius ran off the stage with their courts after them: that was all. Ristori and Salvini simply looked on, having already

wrought the scene to the point at which the flight of the rest produced the necessary effect on the imagination of the audience. I need hardly refer again to the effect made last week by the third act of Sudermann's "Home," as Duse played it. I only ask any one who saw that performance to try to imagine—if he has the heart to do it—such an artistic scandal as that great actress suddenly throwing her part to the winds and substituting for it a good two minutes rant, like the finish to the third act of "La Princesse Lointaine." The public should learn to distinguish in these matters consciously as well as unconsciously. Ranting is not, as it is generally assumed to be, bad acting. It is not acting at all, but the introduction of an exhibition of force for the sake of force. And let us not affect to deny that when the performer has strength enough to raise the pressure to hurricane pitch, a successful rant is attractive and exciting, provided only the performer is clearly doing it on purpose, and is not an epileptic or a lunatic. But it takes not only purpose but reason to humanize force and raise it to the rank of a factor in fine art. It is the strength that is completely controlled and utilized that takes the crown: it is your Ristori, your Salvini, your Duse, with their unfailing hold and yet exquisitely delicate touch upon their parts, their sleeplessly vigilant sense of beauty of thought, feeling, and action, and their prodigious industry, that are recognized as the real athletes of the stage, compared with whom the ranters are weaklings and sluggards. That, at least, must be the judgment of London. Artists of international fame do not come to this capital of the world for money, but for reputation; and the London critic should be jealous above all things of letting that reputation go cheaply. When Duse gives us her best work, we cannot be too emphatic in declaring that it is best of the best and magnificent; so that our hall-mark may be carried through the nations on a piece of sterling gold. But when Madame Bernhardt gives us pinchbeck plays and acting that is poor in thought and lazily eked out with odds and ends stripped from her old parts; when she rants at us and brings down the house in a London theatre just as she brings it down in a provincial American one, we must tell her that she can do better than that, and that we will have nothing less than her best. When she offers us her reputation instead of first-rate acting, we must reply that we give reputations instead of taking them, and that we accept nothing in exchange except first-rate acting down on the counter, without a moment's credit. Already there are signs that she is waking up to the situation. The failure of Gismonda to elicit any expression of the deep respect which really fine work imposes, even on those who prefer something cheaper; the sudden and complete obliteration of her Magda by Duse's first five minutes in the part; the fatal compliments by which her most enthusiastic champions have exposed the commonness and obviousness of the intellectual material of her acting: something of all this may have penetrated to her through the barrier of language and the incense-clouds of flattery; for it looked as if on Monday the disappearance of the Gismonda make-up were only a symptom of a more serious attitude towards London. I suggest, now, that the rant should be discarded as well, and replaced by a genuine study and interpretation of the passages which are sacrificed to it. I further suggest, as a musical critic, that the shallow trick of intoning which sets so many of my musically neglected colleagues babbling about the "golden voice" should be discarded too. Miss Rehan, who is coming next week, will expose the musical emptiness of Madame Bernhardt's habit of monotonously chanting sentences on one note, as effectually as Duse has exposed the intellectual emptiness of her Magda. Of course, intoning is easy—as easy as holding down one key of an accordion and keeping up a mellifluous smile all the time; but it dehumanizes speech, and after some minutes becomes maddening, so that a flash of fun or a burst of rage is doubly welcome because it for a moment alters that eternal pitch and timbre. Some critics speak of "the melody" of it, as to which I can only say that the man who finds melody in one sustained note would find exquisite curves in a packing case. I therefore respectfully urge Madame Bernhardt to add a complete set of strings to her lyre before Miss Rehan comes.

Otherwise there will be fresh comparisons of the most disparaging kind.

My apologies for postponing notice of the Ducal Court Company of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and their orchestra until next week: G. B. S.

UBIQUITOUS GOLD

AMONG the minor discoveries of geology and mineralogy which have hardly yet begun to bear fruit, but one which has a future before it, is that of the ubiquity of most of the elements, even those which are known as the rare elements. To an extent hitherto unsuspected, everything is being found everywhere. Never a piece of the common lead ore is mined which does not contain silver, scarcely a fragment of the commonest iron ore which does not enclose traces of gold; all gold itself carries a certain proportion of silver; even the very sea-water has been proved to contain diffused gold ascertainable by analysis.

The same tale is told everywhere by modern research; the supposed rarities of the mineral kingdom are in a great measure not seen merely because they are not sought, and those rare metals which in the days of our youth were only preserved in minute tubes as chemical curiosities, are now to be found as soon as they are really wanted. Titanium abounds in most rocks and sands; rubidium lurks in considerable quantities in the potash minerals worked at Stassfurth; thallium, discovered with difficulty by Mr. Crookes more than thirty years ago by the vision of a green line in the spectrum, can now be purchased at a few shillings an ounce; no sooner is a new element, germanium, discovered in Saxony, than it is found to have been mined as an ore in Bolivia; and it now seems that we have all our lives been breathing argon without knowing of its existence. Let but a demand arise for a rare element or mineral, such as has resulted, for example, from the introduction of an incandescent gaslight, and they are found in sufficient quantities. In this latter case an adequate supply of the rare metal zirconia was provided for a period of several years, and now, when zirconia is discarded, the far rarer oxide of thorium is employed, and is actually extracted in large quantities from minerals and sands in Norway, North America, and Brazil, for illuminating purposes.

Reasoning from the observed ubiquity of the useful metals, the mineralogist has been led to surmise that they have not been injected, as was formerly supposed, by fiery eruptions from the molten core of the earth into the cracks and crevices which they now occupy as mineral veins, but that they have been extracted by some secret chemistry of nature from the surrounding rocks. Chemical analysis of the rocks and minerals adjacent to such a vein has shown that they do, in fact, contain invisible traces of the very same metals which are concentrated in the vein; further, that the rock in the immediate vicinity is poorer in such metals than those which are more remote by an amount corresponding to the richness of the vein; and we are led to the conclusion that, particle by particle, perhaps molecule by molecule, these metals and their compounds have been sucked out from the rocks and precipitated in the crevice now occupied by the mineral lode. The agent to which our scientific authorities attribute this work of transference is chiefly water, which percolates through the densest rocks, and silently traverses their pores. This water, carrying with it as a potent solvent the carbonic acid which it has absorbed from the air, is capable of dissolving almost anything; and under the increased pressure and temperature which prevail at considerable depths the solvent capacity is doubtless greater than at the surface. That such powers are possessed by heated water is proved to demonstration by the processes actually going on at the present time in the hot springs of Nevada, where gold and other metallic deposits are to be seen in the act of formation, purloined, doubtless, from the neighbouring rocks by the permeating water.

Thus when man has emptied the pockets and veins of gold that have been formed by the slow chemistry of nature, he will have to do for himself what nature has done in favoured places. He will have to glean from the commonest rocks and from the water of the sea

the minute invisible particles of gold that lurk everywhere. The gold mines of the future will be our own fields and rocks and gardens; in fact, the whole surface of the earth. Already a beginning has been made. The richest goldfields of Natal are worked in a quartz conglomerate where not a speck of gold is to be seen, so finely is it disseminated. And now, even more recently, through the discovery of the cyanide process, by which finely distributed gold can be actually dissolved and reprecipitated, mountains of ore and refuse which a year ago were worthless rubbish heaps can to-day be profitably treated for the precious metal.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN the Money Market nothing of any note has occurred except some fluctuation in the Paris cheque. On Friday last week the demand for money in Paris in connection with the forthcoming Russo-Chinese loan lowered it to 25f. 20½c. On Tuesday French purchases of South African shares advanced it up to 25f. 22c. Later in the week, however, the Paris cheque was quoted lower, owing to preparations for the issue of the Russo-Chinese loan, which will probably take place next Thursday. For the rest, money has been plentiful, and the discount market has been weak and inactive. Home Government Stocks and Consols have been steady. Colonial Stocks also showed firmness. The Bank rate remains unchanged.

On the Stock Exchange things have been very dull, except in South African shares. The disposition to take holidays after the late hard work was very general, and full advantage was taken of the Ascot week. In fact there has been so little business that members of the Stock Exchange during the last week have been chiefly engaged in shooting paper balls at persons' hats with the object of knocking them off.

The Home Railway Market has during the past week been neglected by investors and speculators, and consequently was quiet, with a tendency to weakness, owing to the generally poor traffics. The most important increase in receipts during the past week are: London and South-Western £4773, London and North-Western £2807, Great Northern of Ireland £922, and Midland £915. There has been, on the other hand, a large decrease, in the case of the North-Eastern of £12,106. Great Western, too, have decreased £5660, Great Eastern £1849, North Staffordshire £1493, and Great Northern £1306.

In spite of New York buying and favourable reports from business centres in the United States the American Market has been dull. This is partly due to Continental realizations and partly to the small amount of business being transacted. Investment bonds alone were dealt in to any considerable extent.

Canadian Pacifics, after touching 55½ yesterday week, declined slowly during the earlier part of this week, and were quoted on Thursday evening at 54½. Grand Trunks fell in sympathy. Mexican Railways have been firm, but little business was done in them. In South American Railway stocks there is no movement of importance to record.

Continental buying kept the Foreign Market firm. Mexican Government Stocks, Spanish Four Cents, and Italian Rentes, amongst others have been strong and in good request; and there was renewed activity in South American bonds, notably Brazilian.

Large buying orders from Paris caused a renewal of activity and firmness in the South African Market, though the operations were not sufficient to bring about any important advance in prices. Indian Gold Mines were steady, and there was an upward tendency in the small-priced shares. Copper shares were weak. Silver has been firm, at about 30½d. per ounce.

Sir Edgar Vincent, the chairman of the Ottoman Bank, was interviewed last week in Paris, on his way home from the Cape, by the *Gaulois*. He gave a most

glowing and optimistic account of the present and future prospects of South African mines. He believed it possible that the gold output of the Transvaal during the next fifty years may reach £1,000,000,000, or £20,000,000 a year. The result of this has been a partial renewal of speculation in South African shares. Really it is very kind of Sir Edgar Vincent to take such interest in the Transvaal mines; he could scarcely have made more enthusiastic and rose-coloured statements regarding them if he had been himself a holder or large operator in "Kaffirs."

NEW ISSUES.

THE KALGURLI GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

We are tired of laughing at the effrontery of these prospectuses of Coolgardie gold mines; their impudence is so naïve, so unblushing. But it is possible to have too much even of the unpremeditated humours of the promoter, and we think the time has come when we must regard his amusing efforts a little more seriously. Here is a concern which is stated to have been formed to acquire and work two valuable gold-mining areas situate some twenty-five miles from Coolgardie. The capital of the Company is £100,000, of which, be it noted, the vendors to the Company are to receive no less than £80,000. But what are these properties which the prospectus, with beautiful but vague simplicity, describes as "valuable"? Very little information is afforded on the point. Certain "reports" are embodied in the prospectus, but the impartiality of the different persons making them is, to say the least, open to very grave suspicion. There is Mr. David Lindsay, F.R.G.S., and mining surveyor, diffidently introduced by the prospectus as the "well-known explorer." This gentleman, whose claims to fame are quite unknown to us, gives a highly eulogistic, if totally inadequate, description of the Kalgurli Gold Mines. But Mr. Lindsay is an interested advocate; he is a party to one of the contracts relating to the sale of the property to the Company, and we should scarcely expect him, therefore, to tell us anything to its disadvantage. Mr. W. H. C. Lovely, who also makes a "report," and appears to be connected in a kind of partnership with Mr. Lindsay, is in precisely the same position. Mr. Lovely is described as "M.A.I.M.E. of Coolgardie," but whether these initial letters have relation to the particular form of gold-mining in vogue at Coolgardie or to some institution having for its object the relief of temporarily disabled West Australian investors it is impossible to say. Coolgardie would appear to be granting degrees of its own. At any rate, Mr. Lovely vies with Mr. Lindsay in "strongly recommending the mine as a sound and genuine investment." We do not doubt their ardent desire to dispose of it. But do not let us be understood to suggest that the only persons reporting upon this mine are persons interested in its disposal, for there is a Mr. Frank B. Horwood, M.E., whose opinion in regard to it as a "thoroughly genuine investment" which will "pay handsome dividends," figures prominently in the prospectus. This gentleman, whose flowery adjectives bear a singular resemblance to those adopted by Messrs. Lindsay and Lovely, describes himself as "late manager for the Mount Burgess Gold Mines, Limited, Coolgardie"; his present occupation is not stated. It would be unjust to cast doubt upon a man's *bona fides* simply because he happened to be without employment, but it seems to us that Companies of this character should offer some better recommendations than those supplied by interested vendors and out-of-work mining engineers.

THE GOLDEN DUNDU, LIMITED.

This Company, which is, of course, a Westralian promotion, is being exploited by another recently formed and somewhat similar concern, calling itself the Murchison Goldfields, Limited. The Golden Dundu, Limited, has a capital of £35,000, in shares of 5s. each, 120,000 of which are now offered to the public by the promoting Company. We have no liking for these 5s. share Companies, and the prospectus of this one is about as indefinite and discouraging a document as any we have yet met with. It is usual for subscriptions for a new issue to be sent to the Company's bankers, but this

curious concern does not appear to have any bankers, and it would seem that all the money subscribed is to be sent direct to the Murchison Goldfields, Limited. It is possible that the moneys subscribed may be quite safe in the hands of that Company's directors, but it is rather a startling departure. Then again, the advertised prospectus bears the names of only two directors, though it is true that another—a Murchison Goldfield director—is promised after allotment. Auditors, too, are conspicuous by their absence; but we presume that as the directors of the Murchison Goldfields, Limited, are to take charge of all the cash, they will also be enabled to do whatever auditing is considered necessary. It is hardly worth while to dissect in detail the various statements made in such a prospectus as this, but it goes without saying that the usual highflown promises are indulged in about extravagant crushings and early dividends.

RIO TINTO COMPANY, LIMITED.

Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons are authorized to invite subscriptions for an issue of £3,600,000 Four per Cent First Mortgage Bonds of the Rio Tinto Company, Limited, for the conversion and redemption of the Five per Cent First, Second, and Third Mortgage Bonds. All outstanding Five per Cents not presented for conversion will be paid off at par, with accrued interest, on 19 July next, and will cease to bear interest from that date. The new bonds will be in sums of £20, £100, £200, and £500, with coupons payable quarterly, and will be redeemable by half-yearly drawings, commencing in June, 1896.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

LONDON, 8 June, 1895.

SIR,—It would be interesting to know what authority the reviewer of Mr. John Hollingshead's "My Lifetime" has for the statement that Charles Lamb was ever an inmate of a lunatic asylum. "One or more of his [Mr. Hollingshead's] family," writes your reviewer, "was engaged in the service of these unhappy creatures, among whom were Charles and Mary Lamb" (p. 763). That Mr. Hollingshead had seen Charles Lamb at the asylum after one of his melancholy journeys thither with his sister may be possible. Such a possibility scarcely pardons the reviewer's reference to Lamb as one of "these unhappy creatures." Pardons him! The man ought to be shot.—Yours truly,

VERNON BLACKBURN.

[Mr. Blackburn can know little of Charles Lamb's history if he is not aware that the brother shared, though to a less degree, the infirmity of his sister. Mr. Blackburn asks for "authority." I can give it him from Charles Lamb himself, who wrote to Coleridge: "The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton." It is true, however, that, within Mr. Hollingshead's memory, Charles was not likely to visit an asylum in any other capacity than as companion to his beloved but surely most unhappy sister.—THE REVIEWER.]

OLIVER CROMWELL.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

LONDON, 19 June, 1895.

SIR,—The following mention of Oliver Cromwell may interest your readers at the present time. I extract it from Aubrey's "Miscellanies," published 1696:

"Nemo vir magnus, sine aliquo afflatu divino, unquam fuit."—Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, lib. 2. lxvi.

"Oliver Cromwell had certainly this afflatus. One that I know, that was at the Battle of Dunbar, told me that Oliver was carried on with a divine impulse; he did laugh so excessively as if he had been drunk; his eyes sparkled with spirits. He obtained a great victory, but

the action was said to be contrary to human prudence. The same fit of laughter seized Oliver Cromwell just before the battle of Naseby; as a kinsman of mine, and a great favourite of his, Colonel J. S. then present testified. Cardinal Mazarin said that he was a lucky fool."

Does not this seem to show that Cromwell was apt to lose self-control when in battle, and to be overcome by a kind of Berserker fit, which may serve to explain, if it cannot justify, some of his deeds of cruelty?—Yours truly,

G. S.

DIES DOMINÆ.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

LONDON, 5 June, 1895.

SIR,—There are many points in relation to marriage in which I find myself in sympathy with "A Woman of the Day," such as in her advocacy of increased facilities for divorce. But it seems to me that with our present method of conducting divorce proceedings in open Court and publishing the details in the daily papers, more moral injury might be inflicted on the minds of the young than would be compensated by the relief given to parties desiring divorce. I think that in this respect we might do worse than take a leaf out of the French Code. The French Divorce law enacted under Napoleon I., and shortly afterwards repealed, was re-enacted in an improved form barely more than ten years ago. Even this brief period has sufficed to show that whatever its drawbacks and demerits—and surely no legislature in the world can claim to have arrived at perfection in this particular—its salient characteristic is decency. The publication of a divorce trial in the newspapers is punishable as a penal offence. The co-respondent in an action grounded on adultery, so far from being made a party, is rarely mentioned in the pleadings in any more distinctive way than by an initial, and the President of the Court possesses a discretion to grant a decree without resorting to the testimony of witnesses or a public trial if a *prima facie* case is made out from the documents submitted to him, and he is satisfied that the publicity of a trial would involve grave scandal. Above all, a wife may apply for a divorce upon the same grounds as a husband, the only remaining relic of discrimination between them being the punishment of imprisonment which may be inflicted on the wife but not on the husband guilty of adultery, a blot on the Penal Code which, it is to be hoped, will soon be removed. There is, furthermore, what we may call the "polite" ground for divorce known as *injures graves*, an exact definition of which cannot be given, so many allegations have in practice been placed under this category, but which, generally speaking, means a series of insults to the feelings or reputation of one party by the other. The French Courts have been at great pains, perhaps not always successfully, as may be imagined, to exclude from this category mere incompatibility of temper. By describing this ground for divorce as "polite," we mean that it is the usage in polite society and amongst people of birth and station, to proceed upon this ground when they might proceed upon grounds more emphatic, and thereby to some extent to save their reputation, and more especially that of their children, in the eyes of a censorious world. The action is furthermore preluded by an attempted reconciliation of the parties, who appear unassisted by counsel in the judge's private room; and even if he is unable to reconcile them (and his efforts to this end are by no means always either perfunctory or unsuccessful), he has a discretion to adjourn the commencement of the action for a period in order to give the parties the opportunity of reconciliation between themselves. The proceeding of the present President of the English Divorce Court, in preventing or mitigating the publication of the scandalous details of some of the cases that come before him, is well known and justly appreciated. We should many of us be glad to see him armed with the fuller discretionary power vested in French Judges, convinced that were he thus armed numbers of divorce cases would never reach the blatancy of a public trial, but would be satisfactorily arranged within the four walls of his private room.—Yours truly,

A MAN OF TO-DAY.

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REVIEWS.

THE MEMOIRS OF BARRAS.

"The Memoirs of Barras." Edited by George Duruy, and translated by Charles E. Roche. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1895.

"THIS venom I give to the public, without fear or remorse, for I have affixed a warning label to the poison." These are the words with which the editor of the Memoirs closes a long preface, written to prove that Barras has libelled Bonaparte. There are certainly passages in these volumes which are scandalous and ill-natured, but this does not make them libellous, any more than the mere assertion of M. Duruy. We should have thought it impossible to libel Bonaparte at this time of day; the public side of his character is too great, the private side too little, for the tooth of calumny. Those who try to detract from his fame as a soldier "bite granite"; while those who fasten on his private life find that nearly everything has been nibbled away by their predecessors. We prefer the ex-Director as an historian to his editor, not only because Barras writes of times and men that he knew, but because (a lawyer's reason) he gives evidence against himself; for these Memoirs, intended as an apology, are a condemnation of the most successful actor in the perennially fascinating drama of the French Revolution. The book is so interesting and important that it deserves a better translation. No attempt is made to render the French into idiomatic, or even grammatical, English. *Vis à vis de* is hardly ever translatable as "opposite"; "democratic" and "nobiiliary" are not English words; while such expressions as "knew not to honour the French character," "to take vengeance of," "I am no less disposed than you that we defend ourselves," are the English of Paris rather than of London. There is no excuse for this bad workmanship nowadays, when there are hundreds of Englishmen fully competent for the task. The language into which a book is translated ought always to be written by a native; and if the translator of these Memoirs is not a Frenchman, as we imagine he is, his carelessness is such as ought to disqualify him from translating the remaining two volumes.

As Barras lived by "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," we were quite prepared to be informed on the first page of these Memoirs that "the antiquity of the Barras family is coeval with that of the rocks of Provence." The aristocratic demagogue is a commonplace figure enough in history, but it is a dangerous rôle, and its performer seldom dies in his bed. The extraordinary thing about the career of Barras is that he should have died peacefully in Paris under Charles X. in 1829. In times when a title was a capital crime, the Vicomte de Barras, for such was his proper style, was appointed by the Convention Commissioner of the Army of the South. On 9 Thermidor he bearded the Terrorists in their den, arrested and guillotined Robespierre and his gang, broke up the Committee of Public Safety, and was for the hour the saviour of the respectable classes. On 13 Vendémiaire he suppressed, with the aid of Bonaparte, the shopkeepers and householders of Paris, and became once more the champion of the Jacobins. As a Director he scandalized all men by what Taine calls "his train of gorged contractors and kept women"; and on 18 Fructidor he once more became frankly Terrorist, drove his opponents out of the legislature by bayonets, arrested his colleagues Carnot and Barthélemy, and made himself, with Rewbel and Larevellière, into the triumvirate. And yet this man lived in the Rue de Chaillot to the age of seventy-four, and spent his last ten years in chatting with his friends over "the good time," and the rascalities of Napoleon. Clearly Barras was no ordinary adventurer: what was the secret of his success? Barras succeeded in keeping his head on his shoulders, and climbing to the highest posts, because, in the first place, he was physically brave, when all around him were arrant cowards. He began life as a lieutenant in the Pondicherry regiment, and he never lost the courageous instincts of an officer and a gentleman. When he returned to Paris in the midst of the Reign of Terror, he tells us: "I never left the house without a sabre and

a brace of pistols; I loudly announced, as did also Merlin de Thionville, that I would slash off the head of any one who ventured to arrest me, and then hold it up to the gaze of the people so cruelly oppressed by the Committees." This "alarmed the Committees," and no one attempted to arrest the citizen Barras. In the second place, Barras succeeded because he thoroughly understood the rules of the game he was playing. Barère was asked by a friend, twenty years after the event, what was the policy of the Committee of Public Safety. "My dear sir," answered Barère, "we had but one principle, our own preservation. We guillotined our neighbours in order to prevent our neighbours from guillotining us." Barras knew this rule perfectly, and he said to General Brune, just before Danton's execution, "Guard Danton carefully, for he threatened where he should have struck." In Thermidor, in Vendémiaire, and in Fructidor, Barras won, because he struck first. Mathieu Dumas afterwards told Napoleon, according to Taine, that an officer of the National Guard took him into the garden of the Tuileries the night before Fructidor, showed him his soldiers concealed among the trees, and offered to kill Barras and Rewbel, if only Dumas would give him the order and avow it in the tribune next day. "But," said Dumas, "I could not bring myself to do it." "You were an imbecile," observed Napoleon; "you don't understand revolutions." Barras understood them thoroughly.

Barras was not naturally a cruel man: he was too well-bred and voluptuous for that; in fact, he disliked bloodshed, and calls the Terrorists "monsters" and "tigers." He probably began as a Constitutional Liberal in 1789, and was drawn on by his greed of praise and riches into using as his instruments men whom he loathed and despised, like Tallien and Collot d'Herbois. Though a spectator of the massacre of the Swiss on 10 August, he was away from Paris during the September murders, and though he returned to vote for the death of the king in January, he hurried away again to his command at Toulon and escaped the horrors that followed in the Temple and on the scaffold. Of his regicide vote Barras writes: "I do not pretend to justify my conduct, nor pretend that I am called upon to justify, in the eyes of I know not whom, the lines of action imposed on me by the times, and which my conscience may also have dictated to me." His conscience tells him that "if Louis XVI., who was good-hearted, right-minded, of sound and, in certain matters, large views, had banished from his presence the faction of ultramontane priests and courtiers interested in abuses . . . he would have governed France, powerful, at peace, and revered on his throne."

Barras was present during the siege of Toulon as Commissioner, and in his account of the recapture of that town there appears the first sign of his hatred of Bonaparte. Barras declares that the credit of this affair belongs to General Dugommier, and not to the bumptious young artillery major, whose fault it was that the enemy had been allowed to occupy the promontory of L'Aiguillette, and who executed Dugommier's orders with a slowness that rendered easy the evacuation of Toulon by the besieged. M. Duruy expends what seems to us an unnecessary amount of indignation and research in endeavouring to refute this libel. Bonaparte's reputation can well bear the subtraction of the siege of Toulon: besides, the truth would appear to lie between the Napoleonic legend and the Barras libel. Bonaparte produced a plan for the taking of L'Aiguillette, which old General Dugommier was clever enough to appropriate and have executed. Seniors have a way of picking the brains of their juniors, and taking all the credit to themselves, not only in war, but in politics, in commerce, and in law.

On his return to Paris from the south, Barras found Robespierre at the height of his power, and went with Fréron to pay his court to the Incorruptible one, in "the humble little hole of a place," over a carpenter's shop in the Rue St. Honoré. "Robespierre was standing, wrapped in a sort of *chemise-peignoir*; he had just left the hands of his hair-dresser, who had finished combing and powdering his hair; he was without the spectacles he usually wore in public, and piercing through the powder covering that face, already so white in its natural pallor, we could see a pair of eyes whose dimness the glasses

had till then screened from us. . . . He showed no recognition of our courtesy, going by turns to his toilet glass hanging to a window looking out on the courtyard, and to a little mirror intended doubtless as an ornament to his mantelpiece; taking his toilet-knife, he began scraping off the powder, mindful of observing the outlines of his carefully dressed hair; then doffing his *peignoir*, he flung it on a chair close to us in such a way as to soil our clothes, without apologizing to us for his action, and without even appearing to notice our presence. He washed himself in a sort of washhand-basin which he held with one hand, cleaned his teeth, repeatedly spat on the ground right at our feet, without so much as heeding us." Conversation under such circumstances was difficult, and as Robespierre answered never a word to their polite remarks, they left, noticing a bilious froth oozing from his lips, "boding no good."

The second count in M. Duruy's indictment of libel refers to Bonaparte's share in the 13 Vendémiaire and "the whiff of grape-shot." We are all familiar with Carlyle's picturesque account of the bronze artillery officer, who gives the decisive order to fire on the Church of Saint Roch, and this is the orthodox version. Barras points out, what is indisputable, that he was the general-in-chief on that day, that Bonaparte was his aide-de-camp, who did nothing but gallop between the Pont-Royal and the headquarters; that he, Barras, gave the word to fire, and that Bonaparte never was in a position throughout the day to give any order to anybody. Here, again, we think that M. Duruy excites himself unnecessarily, for Bonaparte's fame does not rest on blowing a few hundred *bourgeois* to pieces in the streets of Paris. As for the ex-Director's remarks about Bonaparte's family and his relations with Madame de Beauharnais, we approach more delicate ground. That Bonaparte's brothers and sisters were vulgar and disreputable adventurers, who sponged on everybody, and repudiated all claims when they rose to power, we should have thought was beyond argument at this hour. Barras asserts that Madame de Beauharnais was the acknowledged mistress of General Hoche, who renounced her in favour of his groom; that this lady was a perfect Messalina in her relations with men; and that Bonaparte married her with a knowledge of her antecedents, which were notorious in the set in which he lived, because, having at one time had a *liaison* with the Director, she might be useful in getting him the command of the army in Italy. He even goes so far as to narrate how the betrothed couple came one day to the Luxembourg to press their petition for a command upon the Director, and how Madame insisted on withdrawing with him into his study, where she played the part of Potiphar's wife to a Joseph who yielded to her embraces. On rejoining the general company in the saloon, even Barras felt uncomfortable, but Bonaparte greeted his *fiancée* with enthusiasm, and immediately began talking about his command. "There's the man who wishes to reach his goal," remarks Barras. Whether these blackguardly boasts about Madame Beauharnais are true or false, we see nothing inconceivable, or indeed improbable, in Bonaparte's conduct in the affair, for delicacy was unknown to his nature, and female purity was a thing incomprehensible and valueless to him, though at the same time we believe he was sincerely attached to Josephine, because she had brains, and entered into his schemes. The account of the domestic squabbles of the Directorate is interesting and unimpeachable history. The irritable cowardice of Carnot, the ex-member of the Committee of Public Safety, who was always in a mortal terror of Anarchists on one side and Royalists on the other, and who ended by becoming a violent anti-Jacobin, is amusing reading. But the second volume breaks off just as Barras is preparing, with the aid of Talleyrand and Bonaparte, his last blow at the indestructible forces of law and property and order.

THE CARVED STONES OF ISLAY.

"The Carved Stones of Islay." By Robert C. Graham. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1895.

SOME of us know where Islay is, but to others it appears to be only a place where they make whisky. Small as is the island, there are two distilleries upon it.

It is not much visited by tourists, who prefer the more picturesque scenery of Jura with its famous Paps. The Campbells of Islay are an ancient and well-known family, who have distinguished themselves in war and politics in days gone by; but on the whole, compared with its neighbours, or with the more distant Rathlin and the Giant's Causeway, or with Staffa and Iona, Islay is certainly uninteresting. Mr. Graham, in the beautiful volume before us, makes a manful effort, and with a measure of success, to offer the tourist some object for a visit to Islay. He gives us a list of twenty-three inscribed stones, of which he has engraved views of sixteen, and tells us, moreover, the history of the place, adding notes upon the ancient churches and cemeteries in which the carved stones have been found. These carvings are sometimes very beautiful, and the tracery nearly always contains a sword, for Islay was the battlefield of the Western Isles. Others, again, are crosses such as are seen at Clonmacnoise in Ireland. A few represent figures which appear to belong to the same epoch as the effigies in the Temple Church. But the beautiful interlaced patterns continued to be copied by carvers down to a comparatively late period, and occur in stones of the seventeenth and even the eighteenth centuries. A majority of the plates represent very ancient stones, and Mr. Graham appends as full a narrative as possible. The people of the Western Highlands must certainly have been from the ninth century to the fourteenth the most quarrelsome race on earth. At first they were subject to the periodical raids of the Vikings, until, at length, a regular kingdom was established among the Hebrides, and the sway of a long line of monarchs occasionally extended southward into Ireland. In 1095, Godred of the White Hand died in Islay. He had been King of Dublin and of Man as well as of the Hebrides, but was defeated and deposed by Sigurd, the heir of Norway. When Sigurd succeeded to Norway, he gave the Western Isles to Godred's son, and from him the extant "Lords of the Isles" are descended. Alexander II. of Scotland was anxious to add this Norse kingdom to his dominions, and his successor, Alexander III., drove Angus Macdonald to such extremities that he appealed to Hacon IV. of Norway. Hacon came with a mighty fleet and anchored in the Sound of Islay. The famous battle of Largs ensued, and then, as Mr. Graham tells us, "the great 'Christsuden,' shorn of her golden dragon, bore the king northward, with the Norwegian galleys in her wake, to return no more." From that date, 1263, Islay has been part of the kingdom of Scotland.

Her troubles, however, were only beginning. The Macdonalds wanted to assert their former rights, and the McLeans of Mull opposed them. The condition of the unhappy people may be imagined. All men who could carry one of the great swords depicted on the monuments followed their chief to the battle. The women and children tilled the fields. If the McLeans were victorious the men were massacred and the women were carried off to till the fields of Loch Buie in Mull. When the Macdonalds were victorious the result was much the same, massacre and rapine being always the order of the day. In the fifteenth century, John Macdonald, or John of Islay, uncle of the Lord of the Isles, was killed by an official of the King. John's son defeated the King's troops, and ruled Islay from his castle of Dunyveg. Mr. Graham draws a striking picture of Islay at the end of the fifteenth century: "The oar-strokes of war vessels were borne in from loch and bay, to mingle with the never-ceasing sound of the ship-builder's hammer and the ring of the anvil, where sharper instruments than ploughshares were forged." The local forts, Dunyveg and Finlaggan, had their garrisons. Churches that are now in ruins were then watched and tended. "Strange pageants of armed chiefs and long-robed ecclesiastics passed along roads which are silent and deserted now." Mr. Graham tries to repeople these solitudes. He stands on a summer day by the church door, and smells the faint breath of the incense. Within he sees "one who, chisel in hand, bends over a long grey stone, and a device of tendrils, leaves, and buds, winding round a central sword or cross, grows to his touch."

At Kilnave Mr. Graham found a beautiful but broken cross. It probably commemorated the culminating fight

between the McLeans and the Macdonalds. It was in 1598. McLean landed with fifteen hundred men, and Macdonald, who had only eleven hundred, retreated, but being joined by a hundred and twenty more, stood his ground beside Loch Drunard. McLean had consulted a witch who told him not to fight on Thursday, but the weather forced him to land. She gave him several other cautions, among them being an injunction not to fight near Loch Drunard. He was slain with two hundred and eighty of his men, and the rest, taking refuge in the church of Kilnave, were destroyed by the Macdonalds at their leisure, the church being burnt over their heads. After this fight and massacre the King made over Islay to the Campbells, who soon reduced it. The last stronghold of the Macdonalds, on an island in Loch Gorm, was taken by Campbell of Calder in 1615; and after so many centuries of constant warfare Islay was at length at peace.

Mr. Graham has spared no pains to make his book attractive. The illustrations are well selected and well "processed." The information is full, well arranged, and graphically given. There is an excellent index. In short, if this book had been issued in pocket form, it would have become the best possible guide to a visitor. The author is to be congratulated on the manner in which he has mingled purely antiquarian lore with what is interesting historically or picturesquely. In a modest preface he explains that while he has confined himself as much as possible to the carved stones and to the churches in which they are to be found, he has been tempted from time to time to refer to other antiquities. These excursions are among the best things in a good book.

MR. MALLOCK ON SUPERSTITION.

"Studies of Contemporary Superstition." By W. H. Mallock. London: Ward & Downey. 1895.

MR. MALLOCK has taken greatly to heart what he calls the destructive operations of science. One cannot but understand that he has conceived a severe hostility to them, and although he moderates his antagonism and writes as coldly and dispassionately as a philosopher should, we are conscious of burning fires of anger and contempt and dislike underneath. In fact he is at small pains to disguise his contempt. It is true that he makes no direct attack upon the dogmas of science. If he loathes these also, he takes care to conceal his feelings. Indeed he expressly and magnanimously says that he accepts them; merely for the sake of argument, we are to understand. He has so much in hand himself that he can afford to be generous, and yield a whole series of positions. Very well, says Mr. Mallock in effect, let us suppose all these things are true, and that Christianity and religion generally are inconsistent with modern knowledge. Come, let us apply your own rules and laws in turn to the fabrics you would rear in their place. It is a gallant enterprise, undertaken with a fierce delight in battle and a calm assurance of victory. What happens we give in Mr. Mallock's own words: "The new [beliefs] are shown in their main features to be even less scientific than the old—to be vague, more inaccurate, more completely at war with all objective evidence, and, because their relationship to such evidence is no doubt nearer and more direct, to be not only unscientific but ridiculous." It is a fierce indictment, but we must confess that Mr. Mallock makes out a very strong case. He rolls his enemies in the dust with an amazing zest and a stout pair of arms. He himself offers nothing in exchange. If the "Optimists" would get rid of revealed religions, Mr. Mallock will banish natural religions after them. It is either Christianity or nothing; not an illogical position, only Mr. Mallock would have been wiser to set forth his faith in so many words. In the course of this ardent and ingenious assault upon the vagaries of science, Mr. Mallock destroys many innocent and humble beliefs. For one thing the word Progress is a red rag to him. He will not believe that we have in reality advanced a single point over our ancestors, and yet we suppose that we have. The strenuousness of his war upon the pseudo-religious faiths of the day would, we think, have lost nothing had he been more generous upon the way. But

after all it is hard not to treat Mr. Frederic Harrison as he deserves. Mr. Mallock found it so hard that he gave up the attempt, and approached his antagonist with a pitchfork. The unfortunate prophet of Positivism is tossed about in flashing arcs and impaled a dozen times over. Wherever "optimism" shelters itself Mr. Mallock makes a sally and emerges with a red-tipped weapon. He has a perfect frenzy for other people's blood. It is a bold man in these days who will run a tilt at Mr. Huxley, probably the finest controversialist of our day. But Mr. Mallock has no scruples, any more than the Duke of Argyll. He has "a word with Professor Huxley" in the most thrasonic vein. The quarrel is upon the sense of duty. "Agnosticism," says Mr. Mallock, "is cowardly, not because it does not dare to affirm the authority of Christ, but because it does not dare to deny the meaning and reality of duty." We do not remember a more ingenious point made against the agnostic position. The Agnostics rely upon the sense of duty to achieve the ultimate salvation of the race. Mr. Huxley knows of no study "so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity." Yet he believes that with the help of his ideal of duty we shall attain our crown of perfection. Here is Mr. Mallock's opportunity, which he seizes with avidity. The sense of duty is derived entirely from the religious sense. We owe it, in its present form, to Christianity. Therefore Mr. Huxley is taking a mean advantage of the faith he would destroy in calmly appropriating its particular and individual essence. It is possible, of course, for Mr. Huxley to retort that the sense of duty is not peculiar to Christianity, that it exists in other religions, if in inferior forms. He might even go so far as to claim it for a general heritage of human nature. But to that Mr. Mallock would naturally rejoin, that wherever it existed and in whatever form, it was evolved from a religious belief. In fact the argument is capable of indefinite extension, and his essay, interesting as it is, by no means exhausts the problem. For it would be in Mr. Huxley's right to claim all religious beliefs as natural products of evolution. "Conscience," these extremists would say, "is compact of infinite experiences; it is the confluence of all the ethical sensations of parentage." Nay, there is a school of thought that would go even further and send duty right-about-face, bragging that the human race could march somehow along the line of evolution without artificial props and stays. These Mr. Mallock does not consider, but it would have been interesting to see how he would have met such wild enthusiasm.

It is when he comes to deal with the superstitions of Socialism that Mr. Mallock is at his best. Here, again, he singles out Mr. Harrison. He cannot keep away from this gentle revolutionist, who is certainly rather a tempting subject. But the ablest of the essays is concerned in demolishing the fabric so carefully built up by the Fabians. Here we are unable to trace any kind of indignation in Mr. Mallock. He argues quite impassively, and all the more effectively for that. A Fabian is fair game at any time, but he has rarely been used at once so kindly and so rigorously as by Mr. Mallock. It is strange to reflect that in this contest Mr. Mallock is fighting side by side with Mr. Herbert Spencer. The disfavour of Mr. Spencer has been the severest blow the Socialists have ever experienced. But in these days, when they raise so brave a head not only in imperial but in municipal politics, there cannot be too many blackthorns about. Mr. Mallock hits a head whenever he sees it. The main thesis of Socialism is that the wage-earners or producers are cheated of their proper reward. The men who toil with their hands make money for the idle classes. We would think that the statement was sufficiently fatuous to pass in silence; but it is not possible to use it with such contempt in view of the gathering strength of the socialistic movement. Of course, every boy at school knows, or ought to know, that Capital does more for the production of wealth than does Labour. Mr. Mallock prefers to speak of Ability. It matters very little. Capital represents the realized labour of previous generations. Why should it be denied its proper share? Mr. Mallock's calculation is that ability produces quite two-thirds of the present national income. That is probably within rather than beyond the mark. And when once this fact is

recognized, as he well says, the bottom is out of "scientific" Socialism. Unhappily the recognition is coming very slowly.

THE ROYAL NATURAL HISTORY.

"The Royal Natural History." Edited by Richard Lydekker. Vol. III. London: Warne & Co. 1894-95.

THE third volume of "The Royal Natural History" begins with whales. These, as Aristotle knew but the world forgot in the Middle Ages, are not fishes but true mammals, warm-blooded, air-breathing creatures, that suckle their young and show complete anatomical affinity with quadrupeds. The remains of a hairy covering in some of the existing whales and the characters of the teeth in the earliest known forms are striking evidences of the origin of whales from some kind of land animal, although zoologists, and Mr. Lydekker among them, hesitate to decide whether carnivorous or hoofed mammals were their progenitors. The whales now found in fresh water resemble land animals more closely than the marine forms, and this has given rise to the suggestion that the ancestral whale, before it was a whale, was a river-haunting animal like the modern hippopotamus, living an amphibious life. Mr. Lydekker points out that whales are the largest animals now living on the surface of the globe. It is a curious fact that within geological times almost all the great groups of vertebrates have in turn produced a race of giants. In carboniferous times gigantic newt-like creatures lived in the coal-producing swamps. Later on, reptiles attained a colossal size, *Atlantosaurus* having been even larger than the largest existing whales. At a comparatively recent period there were giant birds in the islands of the southern seas, the memory of which survives in the Arabian traditions of the roc. In the present geological period it is among mammals, the highest group of vertebrates, that the largest animals are to be found.

The Edentates are a group of which Mr. Lydekker has special knowledge, as he has been recently in South America studying the marvellous series of fossil sloths and armadillos in the museum at Buenos Ayres. He is, however, unable to assign to them any definite place among other mammals. They seem to have come from a separate and primitive stock of the mammals, and to have pursued a path diverging from that taken by other quadrupeds. Their modern distribution is peculiar. The sloths, ant-eaters, and armadillos are entirely confined to the New World. The Cape *aard-vark* and the Indian and African *pangolins* Mr. Lydekker regards as possibly not more closely connected with the American Edentates than with other mammals, and as constituting a set of Old-World remnants of primeval mammals. Apart from their peculiar origin, the Edentates are among the strangest of the living inhabitants of the globe, and the excellent figures give a faithful representation of their grotesque forms. Unfortunately, comparatively little is known of their modes of life and habits, and Mr. Lydekker is unable to enliven his pages with the anecdotal matter that appeared in the preceding volumes of his work. They are all shy and small-brained animals, most of them nocturnal in their habits, and dwelling in the silent recesses of tropical forests.

If the Edentates are strange, what is to be said of the Monotremes or egg-laying mammals? They are true mammals built upon the general mammalian plan, and nourish their young by a milky secretion. But they lay eggs like birds and reptiles; like them they have a single excretory aperture; the bones of the shoulder are attached to the breast-bone by bony struts like those found in birds and reptiles, but in no other mammals. Their temperature is said to be intermediate between that of hot-blooded mammals and birds and cold-blooded reptiles. Mr. Lydekker is wisely silent as to their origin, being content to point out that in early geological times there was a large group of these primitive creatures, of which only two members have survived, and that they resemble reptiles more closely than birds. The two existing Monotremes, the duck-bill and the spiny echidna, live in the Australian province of the world, that home of primitive types. The duck-bill inhabits the fresh-water streams of South Australia and Tasmania, making

burrows, the apertures of which are under water. The burrows may run fifty feet from their openings, and end in a wide chamber lined with grass. The natives dig down till they reach the terminal chambers, and capture the unresisting animals. The echidnas have a wider range, being found in Australia and New Guinea. They are land animals, nocturnal in their habits, and they live almost entirely upon ants.

The second half of this volume deals with birds. It is a curious fact that although birds have been studied almost more than any other group of the animal kingdom, no two zoologists are agreed as to their classification. This, no doubt, is the natural consequence of the immense number of existing forms of birds, and of the close similarity in the structure of all of them. The eagle, the pelican, and the sparrow, to take three dissimilar types, resemble each other in the details of their structure much more closely than the duck-bill and the echidna, or than the dragon-fly and the blue-bottle. Mr. Lydekker serves his readers well by refraining from subtleties of classification, and accepting a convenient index to the group based upon that drawn up by the secretary of the Zoological Society. After a preliminary account of the organization of birds generally, he begins with the *Passeres*, or perching birds, and a description of the members of that large group occupies the greater part of his space. We have no fault to find either with his figures or his descriptions. Lovers of natural history may well be content with both.

TWO FRENCH NOVELS.

"L'Armature." By Paul Hervieu. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1895.

"La Dame en Gris." By Georges Ohnet. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1895.

THE author of "L'Armature" makes as it were a ground plan for his story. Not that he goes on to build with that completeness and ingenuity against which a wearied literature is just now reacting with the intemperance of reaction. His ground plan is that and no more. It shows lateral relations only. In the centre is the millionaire, master of the motives of three marriages, and implacable tyrant over the evil fortunes of a fourth *intérieur*. Each of the four has a division to itself and a story. Three squalid marriages his ruling and controlling millions have made, and one—a marriage of tenderness, passion, and disaster—they undo. One by one these homes—of his son, of his two daughters, and of the piteous woman he pursues and overcomes—are laid bare, or rather laid waste, by a most destructive method of story-telling. M. Hervieu, with a masterly hand, unbuilds the histories of these hungry children of the master of finance, ravel the knitted sleeves of their worldly care, scatters where the older art of fiction would have gathered, and lets the fragments fly. Two tragedies are enacted in these dependencies of the great Hotel Saffre. One of them passes on the scene of the well-bred conscience of Catherine Saffre, married to the son of the house, the industrious candidate for the Institute in search of a *spécialité* so unimportant that it shall intrude on the industries of no other specialist—a supernumerary, in a word. Catherine, married out of a good family to the Saffre finance in this paltry form, has her story, such as it is; and it leaves her mistress of the only honour in the book, but with the decorum of illusion gone. Upon the other tragedy—that of Jacques and Giselle d'Exireuil—M. Hervieu has spent his utmost force, which is not contemptible. It is not a story to leave a reader indifferent. Yet Giselle, whose poor clamours of self-defence are kept back by the wifely love against which she is mortally offending, for her Tarquin has her husband's fortunes in his hand; Giselle, who confesses to her husband, and—delivered of her intolerable secret, as by the birth of a monster—is free at last from the intimate thrills of its hidden presence; Giselle, spent with weeping, afraid to say she is thirsty, put to bed broken by her despair; this pliant Giselle, loyal in heart, is, after all, but suffering for a small passion—the habit of dress, of parties, and of a carriage.

Another *ménage* dependent on the millions of the Baron Saffre—that of his daughter Juliette—provides the comedy of the book, or rather the farce, which is

little less than obscene. It is less than humorous where Juliette is derided by the man with the eyeglass, who watches the other persons through their manifold ignominies, but brilliantly comic in the last irresistible scene of the flight of Juliette's prudent husband from the Princess who hunts him for the love of his wife's money—hunts him, mounted, into the depths of a wood, but loses him when success seemed secure. After this sketch of the story, it is worth while adding that M. Hervieu's work is not "pornographic." It is not so even in the compartment of the book allotted to the other daughter, Marie Blanche, Comtesse de Grommelain. An English writer, treating such a woman and such a story, would not dare for his life to express any natural sense of the evil of her state of corruption; he would be afraid of the reproach of Philistinism, not yet grown vulgar enough and tedious enough to be a tolerable accusation, as it is now soon to grow; for if the art of the painter is on the town, the art of the writer—assuming, after the manner of the *Yellow Book*, that licence is art—is on the suburbs. The British author dare not reprove a Marie Blanche, and thus cannot present her as she is, because she is the very reproof and shame of her world. Her high elation of vanity grows so joyous as to become a difficult thing to keep unpublished when she knows herself the mistress of the bridegroom of the most brilliant marriage of the year. Why can the world not know, why must it only guess, how near she stands to the great wedding? What is the toilette that will most appropriately become the modest and tacit glories of her position? When the day of the *flagrant délit* comes, to threaten her happiness and her invitations, the accidental occasion of her disgrace is a mere Lionel, hardly a serious subject of dispute between grown-up people, and on him she wastes no words—"Off with him, *ouste!*"—while she devotes her foul wits to vengeance upon her husband. Inconspicuous, quiet, devoted to the care of her own dear health, the one persistent and permanent person in the book is the admirably conceived Baronne Saffre, the gentle and methodical queen of all egoism, who is left mistress of whatever is saved when the great Saffre is tied into a chair, raving mad, with his affairs undone, the monstrous and impitiable Lear of high finance. M. Hervieu has some exceedingly happy incidents, as at the outset with the great party at the Hotel Saffre. The baronne is too ill to appear; the baron receives his guests, who succeed each other so quickly that his smiles and his replies constantly repeated, "Oh ce n'est rien! Une indisposition—seulement bien malencontreuse," are apt to fall between the guests, behind the backs of the last inquirers, and before the questions of the next. Again, the abject Bréhand pushes on his ambitious projects too quickly, in disregard of the advice of the man with the eyeglass, and presents himself too soon for the Rallye Club, and invites too brilliant a friend, who does not come, and adorns himself with the expectation that he may come, and finally with his absence—"se pare de son absence."

The common is at least inconspicuous; and yet you would, at any time and anywhere, pause a moment on encountering the manner of M. Georges Ohnet, if only to remark that it is ordinary. This is hardly logical; and perhaps, in truth, it is not the commonness so much as the finish, the cheerful gesture, that you recognize. These give to insignificance an importunate and futile individuality. M. Ohnet, in "*La Dame en Gris*," is invincibly ordinary, and as invincibly modern, advanced, and articulate. He never wants a word, and the word he gets is—in a way—the right one. He writes *ressouvenir*, and therefore is behind no man in his French. He goes never third class, but always, always second class. He is up to date and tiresome. He has, in fact, vivacity, and his vivacity is as tedious as a woman's.

A HISTORY OF SLAVERY.

"A History of Slavery and Serfdom." By John Kells Ingram, LL.D. London: A. and C. Black. 1895.

IT was a bold attempt on Dr. Ingram's part to write a history of both slavery and serfdom in a large type volume of less than three hundred small pages! Failure was of course inevitable; but we cannot say that

Dr. Ingram's failure is so brilliant that it raises our sympathy and disarms our criticism. Dr. Ingram is a follower of Comte, but no Positivist has hitherto succeeded in attaining a real grasp of the theory of social evolution. To achieve this would be to pass from the Positivist to the scientific standpoint, and thence Comte's doctrines appear neither luminous nor philosophical. To write a history of slavery, we must start with the history of one people and trace it from barbarism through civilization to decay. If we note in this people the origin, growth, offshoots, and final development of slavery, we shall have a skeleton for our history. Comparative study of slavery among other nations will then lead us to see what features and what sequence of changes are common to all slave-holding communities—what are characteristic of race, climate, and mode of life. The skeleton can only be obtained from the study of an individual people; the flesh and blood from comparative investigations. Thus only could a history of slavery be written from the standpoint of science. The evolution of slavery does not run parallel with the history of our planet. It ran its complete course in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome. Dr. Ingram practically tells us what highly developed slavery was in Greece, what it was in Rome, and, in an appendix, what it was in Egypt and a few other countries. This is not the history of slavery as an institution, but a collection of facts useful for reference in an encyclopædia, or if given in a far more complete manner than Dr. Ingram has attempted, it might be material upon which a history of slavery could be based.

The early origins of slavery are hardly dealt with at all by Dr. Ingram. We do not remember a single reference to anthropological investigations of any kind; we find ourselves launched almost at once into the account of a Greek institution of a highly developed character. Much the same must be said, only still more emphatically, with regard to the account of serfdom in this volume. The origin of serfdom and its relations to a moribund slavery are indicated in the vaguest manner, and instead of an account of the growth and development of serfdom there is practically substituted a series of paragraphs headed France, England, Prussia, &c., and describing how and when serfdom was abolished in these various countries. Of any general conception of social evolution, of any broad philosophical principles, we find little or nothing. And with this little even we cannot agree: e.g., "Out of the slave class as it was organized by the Romans in the countries subject to the Empire, the modern proletariat has been historically evolved" (Does Dr. Ingram give a different origin to the proletariat of London and Berlin on the one hand and to that of Cologne and Paris on the other?); or again, "In proportion as the Eastern races move towards what is the goal of all social progress—a life of peaceful industrial activity, under the guidance and control of a Universal Religion—the last remains of the institution of slavery will surely, though perhaps slowly, disappear." How the growing individualism in thought is ever to lead to a "Universal Religion" (? Positivism) Dr. Ingram does not say. The whole sentence, however, could only have been penned by one who believed barbarism to be phenomenal, not recurrent, in the history of the world. But we have said enough to show that the book is not even a brilliant failure, and that the history of slavery still remains to be written.

UNIVERSITIES AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

"The Universities and the Social Problem: An Account of the University Settlements in East London." Edited by John M. Knapp, The Oxford House, Bethnal Green. London: Rivington, Percival & Co. 1895.

THIS is a volume of collected essays prefaced by Sir John Gorst's Glasgow rectorial address on Settlements in England and America. Those who have seen anything of the working of the Toynbee Hall Settlement, will be well acquainted with most of the methods of bringing young university men into contact with East Enders, which are described in this volume. They may, however, be somewhat surprised at the naïve manner in which several writers from the Oxford House Settlement unconsciously suggest

that these methods are due to their own institution. The three papers in the volume by "Members of Toynbee Hall," impress us with a more stalwart, healthy ring than those of the Oxford Household. Thus, Mr. Peppin, on the Club and Institute Union, is, in our opinion, far more to the point than either Mr. Ingram or Mr. Fiennes, who patronize teetotal, non-political working-men's clubs. All the writers on working-men's clubs seem to forget that London was covered with a network of excellent working-men's clubs long before Toynbee Hall or Oxford House were thought about. The present writer saw something of the inside of working-men's clubs fifteen years ago, from Chelsea through Soho to Deptford. They were all political, non-teetotal, and yet as sober as many a West End club. The lectures were fair, the discussions were better, and the billiards and beer excellent. They were self-governed, and on the whole well managed, even the so-called Anarchist and Republican clubs. Degeneration may have set in, but what existed then was sufficient to convince the writer that the exclusion of politics and beer is not essential to the prosperity of working-men's clubs.

On the whole, the present volume may be useful as an advertisement of the work attempted by the Oxford House, but it is dull reading. An exception must, however, be made in favour of Mr. Legge's paper on "The Repton Club." This is excellent—worthy in material and style of Mr. Kipling—and we see vividly before us the boyhood whence "Soldiers Three" could spring. It is a gem which ought to be placed in another setting, and we trust Mr. Legge may some day give us a "Life's Handicap" of his "gang."

To the broad question as to what effect the University Settlements are having on social life in the East End, no answer can be given as yet. We fear they only touch the veriest fringe of East End life. The problem is only in the second place one of social life. In the first place it is a problem of industrial life, of the relation of capital to labour, and of employer to employed. Only when the universities send their young life into the industries of our great towns, into the sweet factories, the match manufactories, the mills, and the slop-shops; only when our academic youth do not despise becoming directors, managers, middlemen, nay, even artisans in the workshops of our cities; only when the 'varsity man learns the lines of trade and manufacture, not for profit-making in the first place, but to remodel the relations of employer and employed, will the universities have really reached the industrial problem, which is the pivot of the social problem. To found a club is good, but to found a new industry with healthy conditions of labour and close personal relations between workers and manager is far better. From this standpoint a well-managed boot factory is better social work and worthier of the Oxford young man than even Mr. Legge's delightful Repton Club.

FICTION.

- "A Business in Great Waters." By Julian Corbett. London: Methuen & Co. 1895.
 "The First of the English." By A. C. Gunter. London: George Routledge. 1895.
 "The White King's Daughter." By Emma Marshall. London: Seeley & Co. 1895.
 "The Rubies of Rajmar." By Mrs. Egerton Eastwick. London: George Newnes. 1895.
 "Zoraida." By William Le Queux. London: Tower Publishing Company. 1895.
 "Milady Monte Cristo." By John Pennington Marsden. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1895.
 "The Outlaws of the Air." By George Griffith. London: Tower Publishing Company. 1895.

HERE is a perfect avalanche of big heavy books of adventure. One alone is worth reading; but that one we think indeed good. Mr. Corbett, like Mr. Stanley Weyman, is a born story-teller; he imagines minutely and writes admirably, getting his effects with remarkable realism and scarcely a trace of effort. He deals now with the picturesque period of the Chouan Insurrection. If he has any fault, it is the inordinate length of his story; it is too long even for a three-hour sitting, and without any natural break in it. That is, indeed, the common fault of contemporary romance; both "My

Lady Rotha" and "The Gentleman of France," good as they are, would be benefited by docking. There seems, indeed, to be an idea abroad—we imagine it is one of those delusions to which publishers are subject—that a six shilling book must be made a weariness to the flesh if it is to be sold at six shillings. Much as we enjoyed "A Business in Great Waters," we were heartily glad when we reached the last page; and had it been half as long we should have liked it twice as well. And of Mr. Gunter's "The First of the English," we would carry our statement a step further and say had it been $1/x$ th as long we should have liked it x times as much, giving Mr. Gunter leave to make x just as large as he likes, provided he keeps its value finite. A little of him is amusing enough, as witness the sublime passage immediately quoted—but a little goes a long way. You must understand that the executioner is "one of whom my lord always carries with him for sudden use."

"She whispers, exultation in her voice: 'Twice, my love, that day I saved you; to-day I will save you again!'"

"But this dies away into one awful wailing cry, as he of Alva, in a voice as unyielding as the Rock of Ages, says harshly: 'Gomez, bring in the executioner!'"

"The executioner! Father, you don't understand. This is the man I love."

"You love him?" jeers the Duke. "You love an enemy of your country? . . . this man who robbed me for his queen of my Italian treasure? . . ."

"At this mention of stolen wealth there is a jeering laugh from Guy, despite himself, but Hermoine puts hand upon his lips and whispers pleadingly: 'Don't anger him, for my sake, my Guido—my Englishman. I can twist papa about my little finger,' and tries to laugh in his face, 'See me!'"

"With this she is about Alva's face murmuring: 'What nonsense do you talk? You always do as your Hermoine tells you. Papa, dear, shall I pull your naughty beard?'"

"But he says: 'Child, you do not understand. I'll send to France for gewgaws and new dresses for you. You will soon forget,' then raises up his voice—THE EXECUTIONER!"

"But she will not be put off and apes to laugh: 'The executioner?—for the man you have promised me as husband? What NONSENSE! You mean the priest. Goosey dear, send for the priest at once!'"

"But Alva answers harshly: 'To shrive him were he not a heretic,' next says sternly, 'Gomez, why are you waiting? You have my orders—THE EXECUTIONER!'"

"Then pandemonium breaks forth in the girl and she laughs in awful jeer."

However, that is about as much as one wants of Mr. Gunter, though he offers a big volume nevertheless. We "laugh in awful jeer" and return to this matter of length. The happy medium, so far as that aspect goes, seems to our sense to be struck by Mrs. Marshall's "The White King's Daughter," a sentimental and thoughtful historical romance, thoughtfully divided into "books." It deals with the Puritans from the standpoint of the orthodox Churchman. As romance we scarcely care for it; it is too simple for the adult, too serious for the youth; it is, indeed, just the type of book serious elderly people would buy as a present for "the Young." In that application possibly the book has a reason for its existence. Reason for the existence of "the Rubies of Rajmar" we cannot see; there was a Moonstone once that was brought to England with three mysterious Hindoos in pursuit—of that all should read—but from these imported Rubies and their imported Curse, Heaven save the reader! There is Wilkie Collins at his best—tolerable reading; and there is Wilkie Collins imitating Wilkie Collins—sorry work, demanding forgiveness and earning forgetfulness; but Mrs. Eastwick imitating Wilkie Collins is quite unforgivable.

The colossal proportions of "Milady Monte Cristo," coming after these others, presented an appalling task for the reviewer. Other romances are too long by a plethora of incident, Mr. Marsden achieves the six-shilling dimensions by an inordinate verbosity of the penny-aliner type. Even a reviewer cannot surely be expected to go steadily through three hundred close pages of this kind of thing. "To say that Mella was superbly dressed, would be to indulge in a harmless and admis-

sible platitude, quite in harmony with the spirit of the present surroundings. The newspapers said so the next day, but went into detail that presupposed a broader knowledge, a deeper insight, and, in a word, a closer communion, of, into, and with such matters, than any I could be expected to possess. The impression she made upon me, and the thoughts suggested by it . . . And so on. Mr. Marsden may have a very good story concealed somewhere in this volume. We can only say we could not find it. We doubt if many persons will. It is therefore by guesswork that we include him here among the romancers. His book is not by Mr. Zangwill, it is not in three volumes, and it seems too fat to be anything but a romance.

"Zoraida" is a gory work in the Rider Haggard vein, but quite without the monumental culminations, the impressing pessimism of that writer. M. Le Queux has a *bourgeois* imagination, and whenever it begins to halt he fills up the interval with snakes. The story is punctuated with snakes, chiefly asps. Zoraida possesses the *beauté du diable*, she leads a band of desert assassins who destroy a column of Spahis, she works magic, she possesses the "Crescent of Glorious Wonders," mysteriously connected with the treasure of Askia; moreover, she is perfectly "pure" according to the canons of Kensington, having, indeed, in spite of the misfortune of her African birth, all the ideas upon life in general of a well-brought-up suburban young lady. After an intolerable deal of adventures, massacres, bloodshed, torment, imprisonment, and rescue, the hero of the story secures her and the treasure, and the pair take a nice little flat in Kensington. "In Society she has become popular, and her 'at homes' are always crowded." Mr. Griffiths' flying machines in the "Outlaws of the Air" are mere aerial torpedo boats, manned by the usual impossible Anarchists. The book is illustrated rather effectively, and to those who can endure Jules Verne at his worst Mr. Griffiths should prove entertaining. One or two passages rise above the general level, the first appearance of the flying ship for instance, and incline us to the opinion that Mr. Griffiths, had he more restraint, might rival even Jules Verne at his best.

"An Arranged Marriage." By Dorothea Gerard. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

Miss Dorothea Gerard is not quite at her best in this last novel, though it is a pretty story enough. It is unexciting, in spite of a duel which is on the point of coming off when one of the principals takes advantage of having heart-disease to die and avoid his obligations. There are one or two fairly interesting characters. The virtuous heroine is a nice and pretty girl, and her wicked rival has "impertinently scarlet lips"—always an excellent thing in a wicked rival. The book is brightly written, healthy, and entirely unremarkable.

"Lady Folly." By Louis Vintras. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1895.

This naïve story depends on its punctuation for originality and on its language for strength. The latter is imposingly massive. Taking three consecutive pages at random, we find "nocent," "nuncupatory," "tang," "lupercal," "idoneous," "prognathous" and "perigraph." There is pathos in this flight to the dictionary in fruitless search of a style. "Lady Folly" is a young woman who has succeeded in so completely fascinating the author that he is blind to her utter and pitiful vulgarity. His descriptions are singularly striking. The heroine is happily hit off as "a big daub of white, glaring, attractive, irresistible." Her feet are "like huge pieces of pink coral drying in the sun." One of the heroes is mentioned as "this chaste giant." The other carries about Lady Folly's stockings in his pocket. Both are intolerable young men. It is a distinct relief when the chaste giant becomes a priest, and Lady Folly sits under a rocking boulder and gets satisfactorily reduced to "a sickly splash of blood and flesh and torn garments." There are a great many Latin quotations, and a vast amount of philosophy. "Men are always snarling at love, but it is just the same case with death, and both are excellent things in their way," is a fair example of the author in a moment of inspiration. He goes on to ask difficult questions. "Does the picaroon cavil with the wreck because it is not all gold?" We have no idea.

SOME RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

"The Psalter, with Concordance." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: John Murray. 1895.

"Cardinal Manning" and "The Prophecy of Westminster." By Mrs. Hamilton King. London: Whittingham & Co. 1895.

"The Gospel of the Kingdom" (C.S.U. Sermons). By various Authors. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.

"Studies in Biblical and Ecclesiastical Subjects." By the late Dean Campbell. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.

"The Four Gospels as Historical Records." Anon. London: Williams & Norgate. 1895.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "Psalter" has a pleasant flavour of old-fashioned piety about it, and his grace before Psalmody is a pretty thought. This is the English Prayer-book version, with a concordance made half a century ago, headings for the psalms, finger-posts to direct the reader to special uses and the explanation of a few perplexing passages, set forth readably in clear and gentle type. Some of the headings proposed are not very suitable: for instance, Psalm cix. is not rightly headed "Of denunciation," for the thirteen cursing verses should be understood as between inverted commas, being quoted by the author and not adopted. Mr. Gladstone's favourite pieces are next selected, and his biographers must notice them, for they throw some kindly light upon the inner man. The explanations are from old Bishop Horne, "the Speaker," or from Pool's Synopsis of the "Critici Sacri" and such like sources, all of which add to the old-fashioned flavour we have noticed. A charming little book.

Mrs. Hamilton King's two small books are pleasant reading, and are the outcome of a genuine enthusiasm for Cardinal Manning. In the first she pieces together several extracts from the Archdeacon's sermons to show the "wistful aspiration" after the saintly life, as she happily terms the writer's prevailing tone. It is a pity that she has tacked Mr. Waugh and a stavedore labourer on to the Cardinal's skirt, for neither of them add much to the book. The "prophecy" book is in verse. The prophecy is that the late Cardinal will be the patron saint of Westminster and of the Abbey, a second Edward the Confessor. During the prophecy Mrs. King rhymes indignant verses against Dean Bradley and the Canons for having no sanctuary lights or prayers for the dead. Mrs. King's verses are as uneven as ever. She will, perhaps, never learn that nobody, not even a great genius, could write good verse by the yard standing upon one foot. It is a great pity that she will not brood a little over her verses.

The Advent Sermons of the Christian Social Union show how religion is struggling to get back into life once more, and to take up again the social questions which she has dropped in recent times. The vague words of Canon Wilberforce and Prebendary Eyton, the more pointed ones of Canon Holland and Dean Stubbs, and the plain-speaking of Dr. Fry, are not untimely reminders that Church of England men are beginning to understand that it is their duty to consider the people of England and not merely to devour the tenth pig and give forth ceaseless platitude in return for the same.

The late Dean Campbell seems to have uttered many strange things in the disquietude of his heart, and it is a pity to have reproduced his utterances. However, those who want to be assured that the Authorized Version is literally and verbally infallible, that it is a revolting thing to be cheerful on Sunday, and that St. Patrick was an Orangeman as well as a thorough gentleman, may get what they want in these Boanergic pages. Other curious folk may like to see how Deans of Dromore conduct controversies with Presbyterians in the local papers, for there is no end to some people's curiosity.

The anonymous treatise on the "Four Gospels as Historical Records" is admirably printed and got up, and written in a fine jaunty style. It is a book easy to read, although it suffers from a certain pedagogic pertness there is about it. The author, no doubt, has formed his style in some schoolroom, where one is obliged to be clear, emphatic, and cocksure, in order to keep the boy respectful and submissive. The object of this amiable treatise is to demolish and lay flat the Acts and Four Gospels by one cannonade. "Matthew and Mark and Luke and holy John, Evanished all and gone," evoke no sigh of regret from our brisk author, who falls smartly to work, and gives us a very large proportion of his conclusions to a small *quantum* of his processes. In this he is the exact opposite of all German writers, and of Dr. Wildeboer especially. Some of these processes are, to say the least of it, very doubtful. The argument from silence, the frequent assertion that this, that, or the other passage is "manifestly spurious and interpolated," manuscripts notwithstanding, the *a priori* verdicts that the Gospel characters would not have acted as they did if their experience had been as it is written; these are methods which do not make for victory. The quotations from patristic sources are given often without references, and even where references are given the edition used is not stated, and it is hard to verify them. In a word, the whole method is assertive rather than deductive. This, perhaps, is inevitable in an attempt to treat a great and difficult subject in 500 pages where swiftness is more valuable than caution. It may be possible to demonstrate, and it is certainly possible to hold, that the Gospels are not proved to be the work of contemporary writers; they are not trustworthy in their accounts of the most

ordinary occurrences; and the evidence which they offer for extraordinary events is even less than that which they offer for very ordinary statements." But such a demonstration must be made with great care and at a great expense of time, talent, and learning. This book is knocked together too cheaply in all these respects, and therefore is by no means creditable to English thought or English religion.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

"Die Weltstellung des byzantinischen Reiches vor den Kreuzzügen." Von Dr. Carl Neumann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1895.

IF Byzantine literature, the outcome of monkish provincialism, be wearisome, it is, says the author of "Byzantium Before the Crusades," otherwise with Byzantine history, which is a mine of momentous historical problems, for "it is the work of gifted men of action. In the East, as in the West, the Middle Ages produced literature; but literature is neither the characteristic nor the monumental product of this period of the world's history. What were a conception of the Western Middle Ages based on the chronicles of a Thebaid and a couple of theological treatises? . . . The few *virtuosi* who by dint of their eternal classicism and Hellenism terrorized popular speech and thought, for the glorification of a handful of *dilettanti*, are not the whole of Byzantium: neither are those monkish scholars, spiritual descendants of ancient philosophers, who, like them, fled from life, contemptuous of the State, to write treatises of which it would be difficult to say whether they belong to the sixth or the twelfth century, so world-detached are they. The Byzantium of monk and pedagogue is a mock façade, a draped scaffolding, which must be pulled down to reveal the Byzantium of history." And this is the task to which, with due acknowledgment of the work of his precursors (notably of Krumbacher's "History of Byzantine Literature"), and exhaustive research among more ancient sources, Dr. Carl Neumann has applied himself. The statecraft and culture that obtained from the fourth to the sixth centuries in Byzantium differ from their Western equivalent therein, that the elements and forces which constitute the Middle Ages—viz., Roman tradition, Christianity, barbarism—were here forced into an equilibrium that withstood the test of ages. In the West the clash of these elements had a contrary effect. The inherited concept of a temporal power, with its law, culture, strength, and security, the instincts of a young and unbridled barbarism, the dictates of liberty and discipline inherent in the new religion, so blended and mingled in the West that they either bred continued dissension and mutual destruction, or one of the new elements gained a mastery which more or less paralyzed the others; while in the East a plenitude of talent and statecraft succeeded in preserving all that already existed, in conjunction with forces diverse in aim and essence, and in binding the whole into a constitution that sheltered Eastern Christendom from many a storm until the Turkish wars of the fifteenth century. "The quality of historic style," says Dr. Neumann, "is determinable by the relief it gives to leading features." It is on these lines that he has given us so vivid a presentation of Byzantine civilization, with Constantinople as the heart of a great system, assimilating and vitalizing the lesser civilizations, howsoever exotic; of those diverse nationalities, Southern-European and Asiatic, that formed the provinces of the Greek Empire, of the "Orthodox" religion that cemented their union, of laws framed by astute princes and broken, then restored and augmented, by bold usurpers; of monkish emperors compiling scholarly codes of court etiquette, while *condottieri* (such as Maniakes or Kekaumenos), or ambitious citizens (such as Romanos, Lakapenos, Photras, and Timiskes), were acclaimed Emperor by mutinous legions or palace intrigue; of power amicably shared by monarch and rebel; of the revival of a fanatical devotion to those born "within the purple chambers"; of the part played by empresses and adventures, their luxury and culture, the absence of prejudice which characterized the making and breaking of their alliances; of pageants, warlike and peaceful, such as the world will scarcely see again; of barbaric splendour, mediæval asceticism, and a very modern weariness which is as old as Solomon. All these as in a mental kinetoscope does the historian cause to pass before us, dwelling with a curiosity, shared by the reader, on the life and times of Psellos, that forestaller of the Italian Renaissance, alternately anchorite and voluptuary, poet and preacher, book-worm and statesman, a *littérateur* with a foretaste of journalism and more than a taint of blackmailing, President of the Senatorial Chamber and caricaturist of current politics, regicide and kingmaker, a Privy Councillor who could advise the martyrdom of Romanos IV. and dictate the letter of condolence addressed to him by his successor, a marvel of Neo-Greek cynicism and official piety. The fourth and concluding part of this interesting work is devoted to the rise of Turks and Normans, and an analysis of that fatal centralization and other symptoms of decadence that were the beginning of the end.

"Beiträge zur Geschichte des Jesuitenordens." Von Dr. Fr. Heinrich Reusch. London: Williams & Norgate. 1895.

Dr. Reusch, in disclaiming for his "Supplementary History of the Jesuits" any connection with recent anti-

Jesuitical agitation, acknowledges a polemical tendency in his treatment of subjects hitherto either ignored or apologetically handled by the followers of Loyola. The first chapter, illustrated by citations from Mariana, that Jesuit imbued with "the true spirit of an ancient republican," Francis Toletus, the first Jesuit Cardinal, Emmanuel Sa, and others, treats of "Tyrannicide," distinguishing between tyrannicide and regicide, but extolling the perpetrators of either in a national cause, and concluding with an analysis of the papal prerogative of "removing" as well as consecrating princes. In the words of Becanus, the Pope is the "shepherd appointed by Christ over the whole flock. Among the dogs of the flock are Kings and Emperors; vicious and idle dogs must be set aside by the shepherd." This dictum is the synthesis of Becanus' defence of Cardinal Bellarmine's controversy with James I. of England, and is corroborated by Cardinal Borghese's letter of 26 December 1609, in which he informs the Nuncio that Pius V. "did not wish to foment agitation by the open championship of Bellarmine's work, but recommended its secret publication," a passage to which additional weight attaches in connection with attempts on the life of Elizabeth, an account of which is given in the exhaustive corollary ("Nachtrag zu S. 31") beginning page 254, which clearly establishes the fact that had the Queen's death been compassed even by an "unauthorized" person after the publication of the bull of Pius V., he who fulfilled the implicit edict would have been "no murderer, but an executioner." And a few years later a foreign diplomatist was able to report that King James's secretary had stated in conversation, that the king was willing *de recognoscendo Summo Pontifice in majorem principem Europæ*, if the latter would declare that subjects had no right, not even when based on religion, to fail in obedience, or to lay hands upon a monarch. To which the Pope replied that "the Holy See would not enjoin on Catholics to lay hands upon the King," but abstained from saying that it could not. Equally significant, in another sense, is the protocol of a conclave of 1 July, 1621, in which a bishop craves permission to "avert scandal by putting to death certain nuns, who had formerly had intercourse with the devil, by poison; for since their conversion, the devil so tormented them by temptations, vexations, and blows (*percussiones*) that they wished to be put an end to." It is noteworthy that although the Holy Father enjoined on the bishop to give these nuns a sensible confessor who would show them the way to salvation, he refrained from any severe comment on the bishop's singular request. The corollary from which we quote is indeed even more sensational than the remarkable chapter to which it is a complement; both shed a lurid light on the extent of latitude expressed in the well-worn motto of this ancient order. Chapter II. treats of the relations of the Jesuits to the Gallican priesthood and the theologians of the Sorbonne, of those existing between Louis XIV. and Noyelle and his successor Gonzales, of the submission, by sixteen representative members of the order, to the parliament which curtailed its prerogatives in connection with the "removal" of princes, of the use made by Richelieu of the Jesuits, of the acceptance by the Jesuits of the Gallican article of 1682, after which act of submission the Gallican Archbishop (Le Tellier) of Rheims could aver that "the Jesuits were now better Frenchmen than on the occasion of their visit . . . to promulgate the doctrine of Santurelli," a "doctrine" expounded in the preceding pages. Chapter III. tells of the Assembly at Bourgfontaine and its attitude towards Jansenism, the fable and the reality of the project there discussed, and probes the historic value of documents relating thereto; Chapter IV. of the False Arnaud, whose name was Legion, of the machinations resented by the True Arnaud, their exposure by him and their condonation by Mother Church; Chapter V. of the canonization of Loyola, Aloysius of Gonzaga, Petrus Canisius, and others, of the thirteen Jesuit Cardinals who succeeded Francis of Toledo, of Jesuit miracles, of the masses "presented" by Gonzales to Louis XIV. for the repose of his consort's soul, of how the *roi-soleil* paid for them, of absolution, of the confession of princes, of the censorship of books, and of historians—within the fold and outside it—of the order to whose history Dr. Reusch brings the latest and by no means the least important contribution.

"Die Moderne Oper." Von Ferdinand Pfohl. Leipzig: Carl Reissner. 1895.

Herr Ferdinand Pfohl's book on "The Modern Opera" not only commends itself to the musician, it hath charms to soothe the savage breast of the outer barbarian in his audience; so modern is it in spirit, so apt in the definition of the quality of that spirit, so keen and just in analysis and criticism. "Modernity," he says, "is the characteristic expression of an age, the perfume of a special epoch in civilization, the formula, the monogram of a period. . . . Man and Life: that is the burden of all modern music." From Beethoven and his contemporaries to Mascagni and Leoncavallo, through paths trodden by Weber, Wagner, Verdi, Massenet, and Chabrier, is a far cry, but there is no weariness in it; the discussion with its flashes of epigram, its wit, and its wisdom, is as entertaining as it is learned. In Bizet's "Carmen," Herr Pfohl recognizes the typical expression of French lyric art. To other works of the French school he gives discriminating praise, deploring, where he does not commend, a lack of style and individuality. "Not one of them except Bizet," says this musically philosopher, "speaks his own language, as Homer spoke Greek and Richard

Wagner German. They all stammer a kind of Volapük. . . . In many a modern opera is the babble of many tongues: a couple of French phrases, then, again, a German *Brocken*, to be followed by an Italian recitative, with a sprinkling of Scandinavian or Russian angularities. . . . That the majority of modern composers compose in German is to be ascribed to the great leader of Bayreuth, whose colours all the lesser ones carry. . . . But they lack the security and decision in the dramatic and psychologic fashioning of material that make the figure of Wagner so imposing. . . . Even Massenet, one of the most talented of latter-day composers, produces with a certain constraint. *Sum, ergo cogito*. I am, therefore I compose. His creative power, void of critical intuition, seizes upon a dramatic concept despite its inherent transiency. Then follows a little essay on the Manon, "ein menschgewordenes, unheiliges Lachen," of MM. Meilhac and Ph. Grille, compared with the Manon of the Abbé Prevost, and on the deplorable eclecticism of the composer who is so remarkable a tone poet and painter. "The pictorial power of his talent bewitches, while his melody leaves us cold," says the writer. "For harmony and counterpoint may be acquired, they filter from outwards into the soul; but melody, which flows from inwards to outwards, is a boon lent to it by genius." There is not less masterly criticism of Verdi, the "master who in his old age has learnt to speak a new language, who has compassed the art of learning for ever, without ever being a disciple . . . who in Othello and Falstaff has proved that only genius can wholly comprehend genius." The value of this enthusiasm is enhanced by a preceding notice of Verdi's earlier work, tracing his use of absolute melody without regard to dramatic circumstance, as with "Leonora coquetting with death, and warbling the word *morir* with the blitheness of the lark, and Manrico the troubadour—that incarnation of the *aria*—who would have sung an *aria* while polishing his finger-nails": to the time of the "sealing of his (Verdi's) bond with Shakespeare, the greatest poet of all the ages." In Mascagni, the writer hails the "most interesting, the most naïf and talented of the pioneers of young Italian Realism. . . . Despite the eclectic character of the music of 'Cavalleria,' with its frequent reminiscences of Verdi, Gounod, Bizet, Puccini, and the usual unavoidable Wagnerisms, there is in the music of Mascagni a certain something that compels and magnetically draws us. This music is the precipitate of a personality, a remarkable subjectivity, an unmistakably great talent; with all its shortcomings it is neither made nor imitated, but is the inevitable outcome of a dramatic situation, at the same time remaining nearly always music. In 'L'Amico Fritz,' Mascagni has raised himself above the level of 'Cavalleria.'" With these indications of Herr Pföhl's critical method, we commend his "Moderne Oper" to those who follow with interest the rapid development of lyric drama.

"Königin Marie Antoinette: Bilder aus ihrem Leben." Von Robert Prölsz. Leipzig: Carl Reissner. 1895.

"Friedrich der Grosse und der Ursprung des siebenjährigen Krieges." Von Max Lehmann. Leipzig: S. Hirzel. 1895.

"Kulturpflanzen und Haustiere." Von Victor Hehn. Sixth edition. London: Williams & Norgate. 1895.

"Metaphysik." Von Franz Erhardt. Vol. I. London: Williams & Norgate. 1895.

"The German Language." By M. Meissner. London: Th. Wobbe. 1895.

We reserve for review on a future occasion "Sketches from the Life of Queen Marie Antoinette" and "Frederick the Great and the Origin of the Seven Years' War," by Herr Max Lehmann. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "Cultivated Plants and Domestic Animals," which deals chiefly with their transitions from Asia through Greece and Italy: these "Historico-Linguistic Sketches" of the late Victor Hehn, newly edited by Herr Schrader, and enriched with botanical additions by Herr A. Engler, now form a handsome volume of 625 pages, with compendious notes and index. The first volume (645 pages) of Herr Franz Erhardt's "Metaphysik," containing his "Theory of Perception or Cognition"; and a "New Practical and Easy Method of Learning the German Language," by Mr. Meissner, an "improvement on the systems of Ahn and Seidenstücker," are also to hand.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The World's Own Book, or the Treasury of à Kempis." By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.

THIS book falls into two parts. The first thirty-five pages are concerned with gossip about early editions, translations, and so on—probably of no great interest to the sane ordinary reader. Nor will the book-lover feel much respect for this portion of the treatise; he will want keener scholarship, an exacter arrangement. The other sixty pages contain a kind of exposition, and as this is the more important section of the book its shortcomings are the more tiresome. The best way of giving Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's measure as an expositor is to quote an example of a detestable fault into which he is always falling, the use of inverted commas. "Another of his pithy truths, 'Thou art valiant enough, so long as no adversity comes in thy way,' refers to the commonest of delusions. Everything

is going 'beautifully,' rites, sacraments, spiritual unction, prayers, novenas, retreats, &c. We are valiant enough, when suddenly comes a contradiction, and the whole 'jerry-built' structure collapses in a cloud of dust and rubbish." The self-respecting writer, before he gives his work to the public, will consider whether "jerry-built" is a proper expression for his context; if it seems too undignified he will choose another adjective, but he will not use the word and then try and escape the responsibility by enclosing it in inverted commas. This is pure cowardice. The "beautifully" is not so bad, because it is meant to be sarcastic—but the depth! Here is another example: "And he concludes with a sort of 'clinch,' 'It is no small matter to lose or gain the kingdom of God.'" These inverted commas become fairly ludicrous on occasions; for instance, the author says of à Kempis: "His 'turns' are often epigrammatic." "Turns" in inverted commas cannot possibly mean anything but turns in a music-hall. This is no mere fault of style, such as the insertion of an adverb between the two parts of the infinitive. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is continually repeating himself; twice he quotes "For all that is high is not holy," and the great difference in his two expositions is that in the first he uses the word "superficially pious," in the second "superficial piety." Twice he remarks on the robustness and "coming to the point" in the prayers of à Kempis, only the second time he has forgotten the inverted commas for "coming to the point." Without doubt this pretentious volume will lead some readers to à Kempis—and this is all Mr. Percy Fitzgerald wants. But we can imagine that object gained and yet a good book written.

"The Great Dominion." By George R. Parkin, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

We are grateful to the *Times* (in which the material for these studies of Canada first appeared) and to Mr. Parkin for the valuable information contained in this book. Starting off with the North-West Provinces, Mr. Parkin gives it as his firm conviction that mixed farming, not mere raising of grain, is necessary to assure permanent prosperity. He has, too, some sound advice to give to the emigrant; first, the payment of premiums for instruction on farms is a mistake, "the best possible means by which a young man can test his suitability for the life and become competent is to hire out as a labourer with a Canadian farmer for a year or two, depending entirely upon his wages for his support." Then he says the English public schoolboy does not generally turn out a good farmer, and the term "remittance man" tends to become an expression of contempt. If the worse class English gentleman is to go out, "let the extra ladies of the family come to exercise their better influence over him." He has an interesting chapter on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The Canadians have been proved to be right when, after years of debate, they deliberately elected that their great railway should be a private enterprise, not a Government affair. In his chapter on coal he points out the imperial importance of coal-beds on the Pacific coast. When he comes to Eastern Canada Mr. Parkin can deprecate the influence of a man like the late Mr. Mercer without being unfair to the French, and he has many enlightening points to make about the *habitants*. British Columbia needs capital, and no one who cannot afford to risk something and wait should expect success there. In this way it is the opposite of the North-West, the poor man's country. Mr. Parkin reasons very soundly on the question of annexation to the United States, a point which he says is never argued except on grounds of trade. "The Liberal party has exaggerated the importance of the United States market. . . . The Conservative party, or rather a section of it, has staked too much upon the hope of preferential trade with Great Britain, instead of depending upon the innate advantages and opportunities of Canada itself." Fair-minded discussion of the most important problems connected with Canada and comprehensible conclusions, these are the qualities which recommend Mr. Parkin's "The Great Dominion."

"The Furred Banner." By Heather Grey. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.

Story-telling, like schoolmastering, is regarded by quite a number of persons as a *pis aller*. Your painter will say "I can't paint well enough to create a good picture, but any way I can tell a story, express some sentiment or other," and your moralist says, "My morality is not quite good enough to stand alone, but it will do for a story." The merit of the picture stories can be judged in the spring of every year, and as for the moral stories—few of them are so bad as "The Furred Banner." Here and there, where the drift of Miss Heather Grey's teaching was not quite apparent, we wondered whether, in spite of the child with golden hair who talks of heaven, "The Furred Banner" might after all turn out to be one of that class which comes under the dread heading of "Art for Art's Sake"; but the fear was groundless. The teaching of the book is roughly this. If a father thwarts his son in his choice of an unpractical profession, the son will be killed by a fall from a horse. It is true the fall from the horse only occurs to chasten the pride and worldliness of the father; but wayward sons (particularly of baronets) will take the lesson to heart, seeing what a price they must pay for their parent's regeneration. It is difficult to see why any publisher should put a half-crown (?) book in direct competition with Horner's Penny Stories, especially when the half-crown

book is nothing like so exciting as the penn'orth, and does not even afford so much joy to those scoffers whose first glance, when they arrive in Hades, will be towards the floor to remark there—oh the numbers of books which go to form the pavement!

"Aspects of Judaism." By Israel Abrahams and Claude G. Montefiore. London: Macmillan. 1895.

Of these sixteen sermons (all of them except three delivered at various Jewish services) Mr. Abrahams' eight will certainly appear the more readable, to Gentiles at any rate. Mr. Montefiore's sermons, however true their teaching, are very like those others under whose influence so many a Christian head has nodded. But through Mr. Abrahams' utterances runs a quality which is not over common in any sermons, and which is calculated to find its way even to sleepy ears, a quality, too, which we expect to find when one of the grown-up nation is talking of his religion. "The Open Door," which Mr. Abrahams tells us was delivered one Passover when there had been much discussion in the Anglo-Jewish community concerning some necessary ritual reforms, is a beautiful and touching appeal. No argument, however logical, no direct teaching, however obviously true, could be so calculated to bring peace into narrow discord as the pictures of Abraham—ill and feeble, yet pained because no guest comes to join in his Passover—and of the Seder on Passover eve, the table with its varied company, the children, the Rabbis discoursing of the departure from Egypt, the spotless gentle Hillel among the guests; even a Gentile poet is here, and that other, the forerunner of the Messiah, the stormy Elijah—"not in person, not even in distinct memory, but as the shadow of a shade." The other discourses of Mr. Abrahams (especially "Angels" and "The Hatred of Evil") are also instinct with that poetry of which the chosen race seems to possess the secret; but "The Open Door" is the best, and is an example of what a sermon may be which is preached, not because something must be spoken from the pulpit, but in order to make a distinct effect upon the congregation.

"The Greek Epic." By George C. W. Warr, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1895.

This is a volume in a series called "The Dawn of European Literature," which the S.P.C.K. is bringing out at the rate of a volume a month. "The Greek Epic" is not an exciting book; but then, as the author says in his preface, it is not meant to be a popular sketch of the subject. The bulk of the book is taken up with a lengthy summary of the "Iliad," "Odyssey," and Hesiod's "Works and Days," with notes appended—pretty stiff some of them. It is a little difficult to see what class of readers this arrangement is aiming at, the notes contain invaluable information, and would be welcomed by anyone studying the original Greek; but who will have the courage to read the summary? However, the author knows quite well what he is about, for he speaks of the summary in his preface, hoping the loss of literary form will be made up for by a closer view of the original. We should have imagined very few students who were reading even the original text would want such an amount of information as lies in the notes—we should be inclined to think they ought not to be allowed to have it any way—then how is the possible reader of the summary supposed to want it?

We have also received a new edition of "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan," by James Morier, illustrated by H. R. Millar, with an introduction by the Hon. George Curzon, M.P. (Macmillan); "Our Rambles in Old London," by E. S. Machell Smith (Sampson Low); "Repentance Tower and its Tradition," by George Neilson, a reprint of a paper from the "Proceedings of the Glasgow Archaeological Society" (Edinburgh: George P. Johnston); "The Kindergarten at Home," fourth and revised edition, with illustrations, by Emily H. E. Shirreff (Abbott, Jones & Co.); "The Christian's Roadbook," Part I.—Devotions, by Anthony Bathe, vicar of Fridaythorpe, Yorkshire, and F. H. Buckham, vicar of Sledmere, Yorkshire (Longmans); "Cromwell's Soldier's Bible," being a reprint in facsimile of that issued for the use of the Commonwealth army in 1643, with a preface by Viscount Wolseley (Elliot Stock); "Local Taxation and Finance," by G. H. Blunden (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); "Selected Essays of James Darmesteter" (The Religions of the Future, The Prophets of Israel, Afghan Life in Afghan Songs, Race and Tradition, Ernest Renan, An Essay on the History of the Jews, The Supreme God in the Indo-European Mythology), the translations by Helen B. Jastrow, edited, with an introductory memoir, by Morris Jastrow, jun. (Longmans); "Rationalism Irrational," by the Rev. R. S. Baker, B.A. (Skeffington & Son); "Some Side-Lights on the Oxford Movement," by Minima Parspartis (London and Leamington Art and Book Company); "Mercantile Speller," a very ingeniously and conveniently arranged volume (R. J. Bush); "The Golfing Annual," Vol. VIII. (1894-95), edited by David Scott Duncan (Horace Cox); "Companion to the Solicitor's Clerk," a continuation of the "Solicitor's Clerk," by Charles Jones (Effingham Wilson); "The Princess of Wales," a biographical sketch, by Mary Spencer Warren, with fifty-three illustrations (Newnes); "Burdett's Hospital and Charities Annual" for 1895 (The Scientific Press); "The Competition Wallah," by the Right Hon. Sir George Trevelyan, Bart., M.P., a reprint of the second edition (Macmillan); Vols. III. and IV. ("Guy Mannering") of the Waverley Novels, new edition, with the author's notes (reprint) (Arch. Constable).

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Our own waggons and barges will be stationed near the Course, from which small boats will be sent off for the delivery of Supplies.

LUNCHEON AND PICNIC HAMPERS.

Hampers made up to Customer's own requirements for any number of persons, and Linen, Glass, &c., supplied at Inclusive Prices. Waiters provided if desired.

FIELD AND MARINE GLASSES.

87 to 105 BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, RADLEY.—The new Chapel will be consecrated on St. Peter's Day (Saturday, 29 June). Old Radleians wishing to be present are requested to write to the WARDEN. Service 12.15. Slip coach on 10.5 a.m. train from Paddington.

St. Thomas's Hospital.

President:

H.R.H. the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

Treasurer:

J. G. WAINWRIGHT, Esq., J.P.

SPECIAL APPEAL FUND.

To be devoted to the opening for the reception of poor patients the Wards at present closed.

Contributions (large and small) are earnestly solicited. Donors of 50 guineas are qualified for election as Governors.

Cheques should be made payable to the Treasurer, crossed "Union Bank of London, Charing-cross," and addressed the Counting House, St. Thomas's Hospital, London, E.C.

URGENT DISTRESS; WRECKS AND LOSS OF LIFE.

"There is sorrow on the Sea."

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY,

with nearly 1000 Agencies, annually relieves
10,000 persons.

The rescued sailor, fisherman, &c., is instantly cared for on the spot and sent home; the widow, orphan, &c., of the drowned immediately sought out and succoured; the distressed seafarer of every grade at once charitably assisted.

CONTRIBUTIONS APPEALED FOR.

Patron—THE QUEEN; Chairman of Committee, Vice-Admiral E. S. Adeane, C.M.G.; Secretary, W. R. Buck, Esq., Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, E.

Telegrams—"Shipwrecked, London."

Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

President—His Grace THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.

Chairman—SIR EDWARD BIRKBECK, Esq., V.P.

Deputy Chairman—COLONEL FITZ-ROY CLAYTON, V.P.

Secretary—CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., F.R.G.S.

APPEAL.

THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 306 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends, are quite inadequate for the purpose.

The Institution granted Rewards for the Saving of 637 lives by the Life-Boats in 1894, and of 141 lives by fishing and other boats during the same period, the total number of lives, for the saving of which the Institution granted rewards in 1894 being 778. Total of lives saved, for which Rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 31st December 1894, 38,633.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

ROYAL SOCIETY

FOR THE

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

105 JERMYN STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.

PATRONS.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES the PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES.

PRESIDENT.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G.

Chairman of Committee—SIR GEORGE S. MEASOM, J.P.

Treasurers—SIR GEORGE S. MEASOM, J.P., and R. RUTHVEN FVM, Esq.

Bankers—COUTTS & CO., Strand, London.

Upon this Institution, founded in 1824 (the only one having for its object the protection of dumb and defenceless animals), rests a heavy responsibility. It is earnestly and respectfully submitted, that it has in consequence a strong claim upon the benevolence of the humane and charitable.

The Committee respectfully appeal to the Public to extend a hearty assistance—

- I. By supplying early information to the Secretary of all acts of cruelty that have been witnessed.
- II. By increasing the revenue of the Society by Annual Subscriptions, by Donations, by Testamentary Gifts, and particularly by inducing their friends to become members.

Trained Officers are despatched to all parts of the Kingdom.

The operations of the Society draw from the funds an amount vastly exceeding the yearly subscriptions. The Committee need much greater assistance, and unless such additional support be extended to them, this most righteous cause of humanity must suffer from insufficiency of means to carry out those many urgent measures which every well-wisher of this Society has so deeply at heart.

Remittances may be forwarded to JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

SUPPORTED ONLY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The labour of other charities is divided among many Associations; but this Charity stands alone—the Defender of the defenceless—without any assistance.

THE

ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL,

19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1816, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patrons.

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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

President—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.

Chairman—SIR CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.

Treasurers { G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.
H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent Poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of true Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, Secretary.

LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

CONVERSION AND REDEMPTION of the FIVE PER CENT FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD MORTGAGE BONDS of the

RIO TINTO COMPANY, LIMITED.

By an ISSUE of £3,600,000 FOUR PER CENT FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

All outstanding Five per Cent. First, Second, and Third Mortgage Bonds of the Company not presented for Conversion will be paid off at par with accrued interest on July 19, 1895, and will cease to bear interest from that date.

THE TRUSTEES FOR THE FOUR PER CENT FIRST MORTGAGE BOND HOLDERS WILL BE:

ALFRED CHARLES DE ROTHSCHILD, Esq.,
and
HUGH MACKAY MATHESON, Esq.

These Bonds will be secured by a deed of mortgage and trust in English form, whereby, when the existing Bonds have been converted or redeemed, the whole of the immovable property of the Company in Spain, including the Rio Tinto Mines, the railway therefrom to Huelva, and the pier at that port, will be conveyed to the Trustees as security for the Bonds in priority to all other charges. The mortgage will contain a covenant on the part of the Company to register or inscribe the deed in Spain whenever called upon by the Trustees for the Bondholders to do so.

Pending the completion of this deed and the preparation of the new Bonds, scrip certificates of the Rio Tinto Company, Limited, will be issued, which will be exchanged for the definitive Bonds as soon as they are ready for delivery.

The extension and development of the Rio Tinto Mine has for years been kept well in advance of current requirements, and by this means the Company have many millions of tons of ore laid open, which will provide an uninterrupted supply for a period far beyond the duration of these Bonds, and this exploration work is being steadily continued.

At the present time there are contracts running for the supply of more than 500,000 tons of pyrites per annum, which are sold for both their copper and sulphur contents, besides which the Company's production of refined copper is about 20,000 tons a year, which commands a ready sale.

The new Four per Cent Bonds will be to bearer, or registered, at the option of subscribers, in sums of £20, £100, £200, and £500, with coupons, payable quarterly on January 1, April 1, July 1, and October 1, in London, at the Offices of the Company, in pounds sterling; in Paris, at the Offices of the Société Générale, at the exchange of 25 francs; and in Bremen, at the Offices of Messrs. J. Schultze & Wolde, at the exchange of M20.35. The first coupon will be payable on October 1, 1895. Holders can at any time, upon application to the Company and payment of the cost, have their Bonds to bearer exchanged for registered Bonds, or their registered Bonds exchanged for Bonds to bearer.

The Bonds will be redeemed by half-yearly drawings, which will take place in June and December, and drawn Bonds will be paid off on January 1 and July 1 succeeding the drawing. The first drawing will take place in June, 1896, and the ordinary sinking fund will redeem the whole of the Bonds not later than January 1, 1929; but the Company reserves the right to increase the sinking fund, or to pay off the whole or any portion of the Bonds outstanding, at any time after June 30, 1905, on giving twenty-eight days notice by advertisement.

Drawn Bonds will be paid off at the same places as those fixed for the payment of coupons.

MESSRS. N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS, instructed by MESSRS. MATHESON & CO., the commercial agents of the Rio Tinto Company, Limited, are authorized to RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS for the above issue.

Subscriptions will be received by them at their offices, New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, London, in existing Five per Cent First, Second, or Third Mortgage Bonds, which have not been previously drawn.

APPLICATIONS for the new Four per Cent Bonds in exchange for Five per Cent Bonds, which have not been previously drawn, WILL BE RECEIVED any day (except Saturday) UNTIL THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1895, INCLUSIVE, on the following conditions:

Subscribers in Bonds will receive allotment in full. For every £100 of the Five per Cent Bonds subscribers will be entitled to receive Four per Cent Scrip of equal nominal value and a cash bonus of £2 payable on July 5 next. The coupon due July 1 next must be detached from the Bonds, and will be paid in the usual way.

For fractional parts of £100 proportionate allotments and cash payments will be made.

Application must be made in the form annexed to the Prospectus, and accompanied by a deposit of 5 per cent in money, or an approximate amount in convertible Bonds unless subscribers prefer to deposit all their Bonds when making application. The whole of the Bonds, with all coupons subsequent to July 1, 1895, must be delivered as soon as the scrip certificates are ready to be given in exchange, and failure to deliver them in due course will render the deposit on application liable to forfeiture.

Bonds presented for conversion must be listed on forms which can be obtained from Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons.

Bonds will also be received for conversion in Paris and Bremen.

The draft of the Mortgage Deed relating to the new Four per Cent Bonds can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company, Messrs. Freshfield & Williams, 5 Bank Buildings, E.C.; or at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Trustees, Messrs. Dawes & Sons, 9 Angel Court, E.C.

By order of the Board,
GEO. N. THOMSON, Secretary.

Office of the Company:
30 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.,
June 17, 1895.

INSURANCE.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.
Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 FILL MALL, S.W.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1836.
LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET. ABERDEEN—1 UNION TERRACE.
ACCUMULATED FUNDS, £4,444,000.

The FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held within their House at Aberdeen on FRIDAY, the 14th June, 1895, when the Directors' Report was presented.

The following is a summary of the report referred to:

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received last year amounted to £701,603 9s. 6d., showing a decrease of £14,083 6s. 6d., in comparison with those of the previous year.
The LOSSES amounted to £384,097 18s. 6d., or 54.9 per cent of the premiums.
The EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT (including commission to agents and charges of every kind) came to £127,259 12s. 11d., or 33.8 per cent of the premiums. After reserving the usual 33 per cent of the premiums to cover liabilities under current policies, a profit was earned of £84,250 12s. 8d.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

ASSURANCE BRANCHES.—The new assurances during the year reached in the aggregate the sum of £305,468. These new assurances yielded annual premiums amounting to £17,963 11s. 7d., and single premiums amounting to £1,090 12s. 9d.
The TOTAL INCOME of the year (including interest) was £333,186 9s. 1d.
The CLAIMS amounted to £10,589 7s. 9d.
The EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT (including commission) were limited to 30 per cent. of the premiums received.
ANNUITY BRANCH.—The sum of £14,539 17s. 2d. was received for annuities granted during the year.

The whole FUNDS of the Life Department now amount to £2,858,021 14s. 8d.
The Report having been unanimously adopted, it was resolved that the total amount to be distributed amongst the shareholders for the year 1894 be £75,000, being dividend of £3 5s. per share, and bonus of 5s. per share, and that the sum of £50,000 be added to the Fire Reserve Fund (making the same £950,000).

London Board of Directors.

Colonel Robert Baring,	Ferdinand M. Huth, Esq.
H. Cosmo O. Benson, Esq., M.P.	Henry James Lubbock, Esq.
Ernest Chaplin, Esq.	Charles James Lucas, Esq.
Alex. Heun Goschen, Esq.	William Walkinshaw, Esq.
Henry Charles Hambro, Esq.	Mt. Hon. Sir Algernon West, K.C.B.
Wm. E. Hubbard, Esq.	

General Manager of the Company—H. E. WILSON.

Copies of the report with the whole accounts of the Company for the year 1894, may be obtained from any of the Company's offices or agencies.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

INVESTED FUNDS - - - - - £20,000,934.

Fire—Life—Endowments—Annuities.

EXPENSES MODERATE.

LIFE BONUSES LARGE either in Cash or Additions to Sum Assured.

APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS—

HEAD OFFICES: 1 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL; 7 CORNHILL, LONDON.

"THE TIMES" Dec. 29, 1894, says in a leading article on
"Our Daughters"

"FIVE per cent. was regarded as the current rate of interest on good
"security when paterfamilias set up housekeeping; now he must think
"himself lucky when he can get Three."

The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York
Guarantees Five per cent.

UNDER ITS

Debenture Policy,

WHICH ALSO PROVIDES FOR

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ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED £28,000,000.

Apply for particulars to any of the Branch Offices, or to

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager for the United Kingdom,
17 & 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.

THE COLONIAL MUTUAL

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED,

33 POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

FUNDS EXCEED £1,750,000.

POLICIES ISSUED UNDER THE ORDINARY, MODIFIED TONTINE, AND MORTUARY DIVIDEND SYSTEMS.

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THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

Sum Insured in 1894, £393,822,400.

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APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS OF THE

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Established 1835.

This Institution has always divided the large Profits arising from Endowment Assurances exclusively amongst the Policyholders in this class.

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Steamship "GARONNE," 37½ tons register, leaving London as under:—

For the NORWAY FIORDS, 12th July, for 15 days; 3rd August for 15 days.

For COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, the BALTIC CANAL, &c., 27th August, or 29 days

String Band, Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, High-class Cuisine.

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For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, S.W.

EDUCATIONAL.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS, 1895.—Two of £80, one of £50, one of £20. Examination begins July 17. For further information apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up not less than eight resident, five non-resident, Queen's Scholarships, and two valuable Exhibitions, will take place in July next. Detailed information may be obtained from the HEAD MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

OUNDLE SCHOOL. Entrance Scholarship Examination, July 16. Six or more Scholarships £40 to £30 a year. Classical, Modern, Science, and Engineering Sides. Fees £65 to £75 a year. Successes 1893-4: Five open Scholarships and one Exhibition; 1894-5: Four open Classical Scholarships, one Science Exhibition (Trinity College, Cambridge), and one Science Scholarship. Also Woolwich Entrance (11th place). Apply to the HEADMASTER.

BRADFIELD COLLEGE, BERKS.—FOUR FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS, value 90 Guineas and 80 Guineas per annum; ONE WARDEN'S EXHIBITION, value 50 Guineas, and FOUR MINOR EXHIBITIONS (at least), value 20 Guineas, will be competed for at the College on July 11st, August 1st and 2nd. Candidates must be between 12 and 15 on August 1st, 1895. Subjects for Examination: Divinity, Classics, Mathematics. Boys intended for the Modern Side may offer French instead of Greek, but are eligible for the Exhibitions only. Separate papers for those over and under 13. FOUR MINOR EXHIBITIONS, value 30 Guineas per annum, for boys intended for the Army Classes will also be competed for at the same time. Candidates for these Exhibitions must be between 12 and 15 on August 1st, 1895. Subjects of Examination: Latin, French, Mathematics. German or Science may be offered as an extra subject. Apply to Rev. the WARDEN.

THE MINERVA CLUB.

38 DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY, W.

Committee:

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LONSDALE; RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSSLYN; RIGHT HON. LORD HATHERTON; RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON; RIGHT HON. LORD GEORGE GRANVILLE CAMPBELL; LIEUT.-COL. F. GAVAGAN; MAJOR HAMILTON LUARD BEGBIE.

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Secretary—J. R. DOUGLAS (pro tem.).

This Club is established on a social and non-political basis, and will be conducted on similar principles to the leading West End Clubs. Naval and Military Officers, Members of the Learned Professions, and Gentlemen of good position are alone eligible for election, and the strictest supervision will be exercised by the Committee, in whom is vested the election of Candidates, to prevent the admission of ineligible persons.

The Club, which contains numerous Bedrooms, will be ready for the reception of Members in the course of the present month.

The Cuisine, Wines, Spirits, Cigars, &c., will be of the best at popular prices, and a special feature will be made of the Grill, superintended by a thoroughly experienced Grill Cook.

The Subscription is Three Guineas per Annum, and the Club House may be inspected, and candidate forms and all particulars obtained on the premises.

June 1895.

J. R. DOUGLAS, Secretary (pro tem.).

846

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